MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

Vol. 12 No. 5 60p

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LARGEST U.K. MEN'S MAGAZINE CIRCULATION

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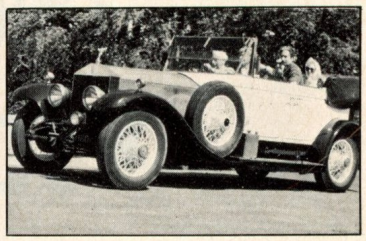
UNLACED: THE LASS FROM THE LINGERIE DEPARTMENT

KNICKERS AT TWICKERS: A DAY AT THE SEVENS

PHEW: IT'S FRINTON'S FIRST FULL-FRONTAL

YESTERDAY'S ROLLS: GHOSTS AND PHANTOMS

UNWRAPPED: THE SWEETIE FROM THE CHOCOLATE FACTORY



MAYFAIR

INCORPORATING King

Telephone number: 01-242 1593

95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

MAY 1977 Vol. 12 No. 5 ABC net paid circulation 423,813

Ice cool Alex, page 52. Royal Rolls, page 62.

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Mayfair, vol.12, no.5 (May 1977)
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Cover model: Alexandra Bogojevic | thread
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- Alexandra Bogojevic, GotM | thread
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- Kelly St. John | thread
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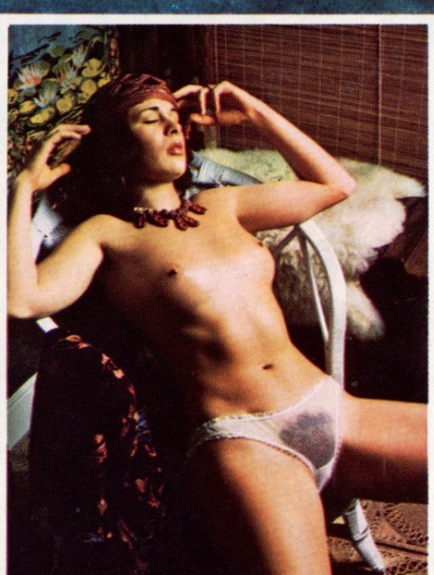


VERONICA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM

When the topic of conversation turns to which of Britain's seaside resorts is the most refined and Victorian in outlook, several names invariably crop up. Torquay, Bournemouth and Eastbourne are all strong contenders, but one place that has withstood even the most determined efforts to popularise and update is Frinton-on-Sea in Essex. Frinton is the home of 21-year-old Veronica Ashby, whose eye-catching 35–22–35 does much to undermine the myth that Frinton females would rather be

seen dead than without their knickers. Veronica's dark good looks and mischievous eyes might at first glance seem at odds with a town that is proud to boast not one single pub within its environs and pales with the mention of, horror of horrors, a discotheque. Wouldn't Veronica feel more at home with kindred spirits in the more raucous, more down-beat, but nevertheless livelier haunts of nearby Clacton-on-Sea or Walton-on-the-Naze. 'Not in the least,' she replies just a shade huffily. 'The fact that Frinton is sedate is all part and parcel of its charm. What you've never had you don't miss and personally speaking I don't much care for spending the evening in some rowdy, smoke-filled room with rock music blaring out at a million decibels. I'd rather go for a walk along the front. I'd be

the first to admit that that probably doesn't sound madly exciting but,' she laughs, 'you've got to admit it's a whole lot quieter. More romantic too, because you can almost imagine that you're back at the turn of the century seeing as how there's very little to disturb the calm except the seagulls and the lapping of the waves. May is a nice time of year here. The beach-huts start being opened up and cleaned-out after winter in preparation for summer and you can get some really warm days when you virtually have the entire place to yourself. About the only thing I don't like are the mudflats out near the low water mark. If you go swimming, you have to be very careful when you wade out in case you slip and fall over. I've done that on so many occasions I've lost count.' Veronica grins. 'It's that easy to come a cropper.' Surely though there must be more to Frinton than peace and quiet, mudflats and seagulls. 'Oh there is,' agrees Veronica, 'but I can't really let you into local secrets. If they got out, everyone would want to come here. I think it would be better if I just kept you guessing!'

Ginny

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROGER PEARSON

Ginny Lonsdale, who'll be 20 on August 18, was born in Gomersal, schooled at South Parade Secondary in Cleckheaton, now lives in Liversedge and often goes to her dad's pub in Wakefield. (Funny how many landlord's daughters we've been getting of late, isn't it?). Anyway, back to Ginny. Her name is in fact Jeanette, but she asked us if we'd use her nickname. 'I think,' she grins, 'that it stems from my liking of gin and bitter lemon which is my favourite drink.' Ginny also confided that she is partial to another, ah, original concoction, namely Tia Maria and Coke. Gone forever is the myth that Yorkshire folk are dour and unadventurous. *(Tia Maria and Coke?* Oh well . . .). Until not so very long ago, Ginny's 35–24–36 could have been found, appropriately enough, in the lingerie department of Brown Muff which is, Ginny assures us, Bradford's answer to Harrods.

Now she's tried her hand at modelling for the first time, found out that she likes it, and is planning to make it a full-time career. 'That and films too,' Ginny adds. 'I'd really love to act. If some so-called actresses I've seen in films can get away with it, I'm sure I could too. Anyway, I'd love to be given the opportunity.' Movie producers kindly take note. Presuming that modelling and movies take up most of Ginny's daylight time, evenings should see her schedule relatively unaltered. *Paul Anthony's* in Dewsbury is her favourite nightspot, not forgetting of course the celebrated Batley Variety Club. 'And records,' says Ginny. 'I stay at home and listen to records some nights. Anything from The Who to Beethoven.' A case of rock and roll over Beethoven?

Alexandra

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
ROY BREWINGTON

Sometimes, there you'll be, walking down the street minding your own business, when you'll notice coming towards you a girl who might at first glance be taken for, (or might even be), an incredibly famous and luscious film star. 'Funny,' you'll think, scratching your head, 'I didn't know Susan George lived in Stockport.' If that's ever happened to you, take a long, lingering look at Alexandra

Bogojevic. Does she remind you of anyone? Do you notice a certain familiarity in the full ripeness of her 39-inch breasts? In the lean firmness of her 24-inch waist? In the lush roundness of her 36-inch bottom? Think of three great names from the past – Marilyn Monroe, Jayne Mansfield and Jean Harlow, then look at 26-year-old Alexandra again. 'Of course,' you're all now saying, 'I knew it all the time.' She's a dead ringer for Monroe. (Or Mansfield, or Harlow.) 'Actually gentlemen, Alexandra should remind you of all three together – at least that's what a top-selling German magazine thought and to prove their point, portrayed Alexandra as all three in a special photo feature. (No Carruthers, not all three at once, read on.) In addition to her look-alike physical qualities, Alexandra is a familiar figure on continental cinema screens. Already a veteran of seventeen films, her latest – *Salon Kitty* which is currently doing record box-office business in France – might soon be on show over here. Alexandra lives in Munich at the moment; to be

more specific in the Schwabing district, which is the approximate Munich equivalent of Chelsea. It was in Munich that Alexandra attended drama school, and it's also where she is soon due to have an exhibition of her paintings put on at a local art gallery. It's hardly surprising

that with modelling and acting, not to mention painting, Alexandra finds little time for more common-or-garden pursuits, though she tries to visit her parents, who live in Kenya, a couple of times a year. What a schedule! But then again, as the saying goes, what a girl too!

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / ALEXANDRA BOGOJEVIC

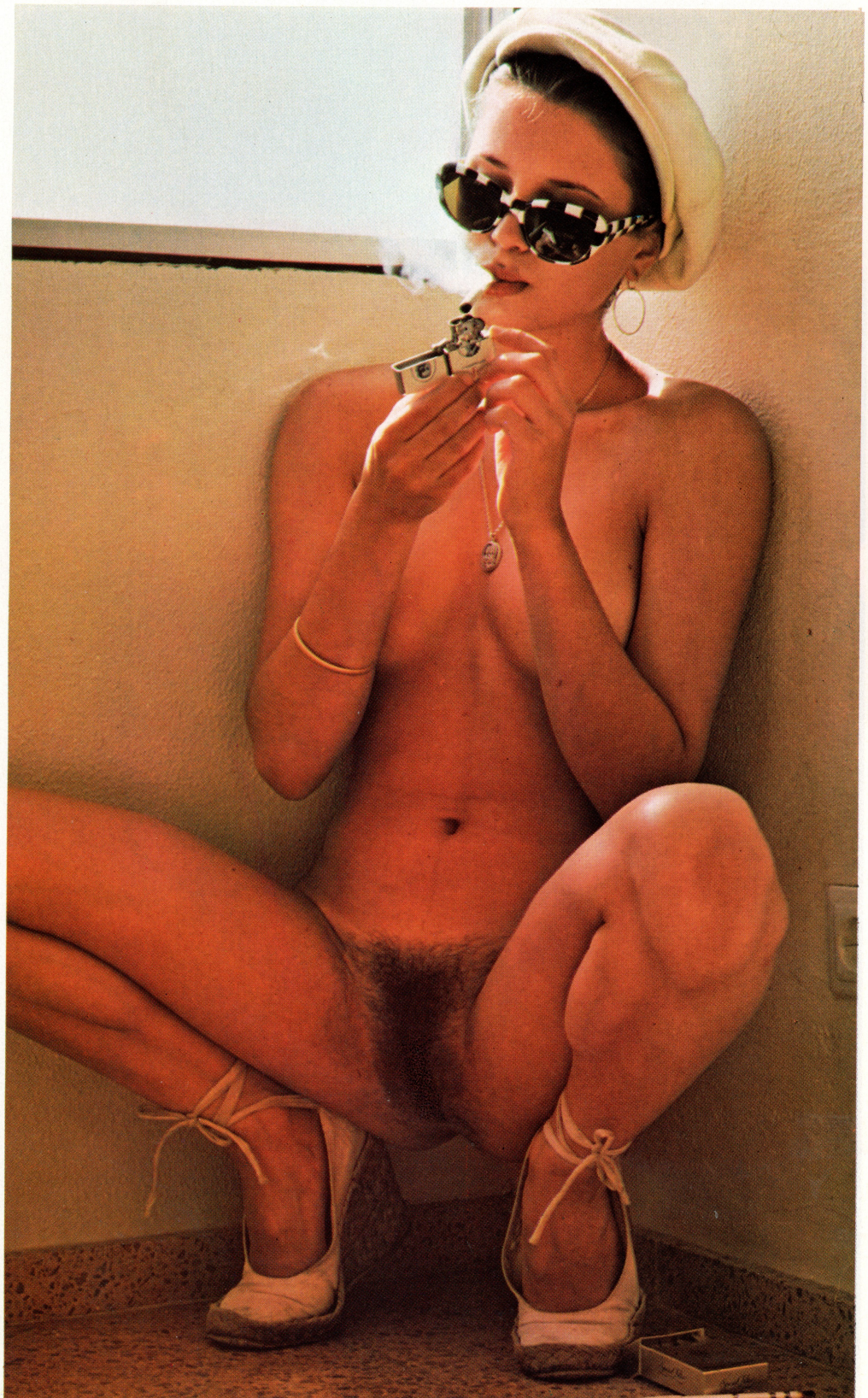
MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / ALEXANDRA BOGOJEVIC

SUZY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIWER OHLSSON

Royalty flows through the blood of 21-year-old Suzanne Setchell, in spirit, if not in fact. Born within sight of Windsor Castle's famous Round Tower, she's a dedicated royalist. 'Not in a sickly, sentimental way,' she insists. 'In fact I really prefer the historical royals – I started my "A" Level in medieval history, and Henry VIII was my favourite; leaping on unsuspecting chambermaids in the royal corridors. That didn't happen when I was skivvying.' Not

a likely occupation for someone so exquisitely proportioned – 33–22–33 – as 5 feet 3 inch Suzy. 'Nor is working in a sweet factory,' she agrees readily, 'but I've done that as well.' It happened she says, when she was trying to be an actress; she started to work on the production line at a factory in nearby Slough which makes 'those lovely bars that help you work, rest and play. But then I was asked to audition for a really good musical opening in Yorkshire so I had to give up the job and then didn't get the part! I really wanted that experience.' Oddly enough her two stage appearances were very down-to-earth



characters, in a northern production of John Arden's *Live Like Pigs*, and as a nymphomaniac maid in a Brian Rix-type farce. 'Not really typecasting,' she says. 'They really wanted someone with a huge chest. I had so much cotton wool tucked down my cleavage I'm sure I could have turned round inside my costume if I'd moved too quickly!' Home now in a quiet corner of Stoke Poges, she's re-adjusting to everyday life. 'I decided there had to be easier ways of earning a living and I did need a rest. We're still quite near Windsor and I go there a lot. It's very restful, almost timeless in the best parts; I love taking a boat out on the Thames in summer. But perhaps a nice regal part might draw me back to the theatre.' A royal progress to you, Suzy.

LAVINIA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

Appropriately enough for a girl fair of face and figure, Lavinia Murray was born on St Valentine's Day twenty years ago. 'I gather there was talk,' she says, 'of my being called Valentina as a result of this, but I think that I marginally prefer Lavinia. Except that when I was at school it kept on being shortened to Lav – which you'll probably think is about par for the course as regards schoolgirl humour.' She laughs. 'It's funny how people, men especially, seem to think that because you've got a relatively old-fashioned name you're bound to be old-fashioned in outlook as well. In my case, nothing could be further from the truth. Well, you wouldn't expect to see some prim and proper miss flouncing about with no clothes on in front of a camera,

would you?' Lavinia giggles, her unfettered 35–22–34 jiggling merrily. 'Actually,' says Leamington-born Lavinia, 'I thought I'd be absolutely scared stiff when the time came to actually strip off and get down to work, but it's all quite fun, isn't it? Not like I imagined at all. It's sort of rude, but nice with it. I wonder what my boyfriends will think when they see me like this. They'll probably be on at me to take my clothes off so they can compare the printed result with the real thing. It's my girlfriends who'll probably be the most caustic. Girls can be fantastically bitchy towards one another. It really gets a bit much sometimes. I know most of it stems from jealousy, but you should hear some of the things that are said;

it would make your hair curl. Honestly.' She laughs. 'I think that's the reason I tend to prefer the company of men. They're so much more straightforward. If they want to say something they'll come straight out with it instead of making little snide remarks on the side.' Lavinia pauses. 'That's not to say I don't enjoy having a natter with the girls on occasions.' She grins. 'Gossiping is OK as long as it doesn't involve you! There you go, a perfect example of inverted female logic for you!'

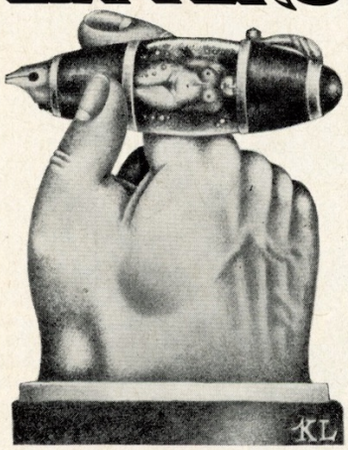
KELLY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETER FLODQUIST

Beauty, they say, is in the eye of the beholder – the man whose toes curl at the thought of a bosomy, sloe-eyed Loren may well start considering England's latest Test cricket chances when presented with a provocative pose from a spectacularly busty blonde. But some girls command our attention regardless of individual whim. They are through a distinctive look, a fullness of figure or straightforward plain sexiness, simply spectacular. Kelly St John

qualifies without a shadow of a doubt. Twenty two years old, her 34A–23–33 form, 5 feet 7 inches tall, moves with a willowy grace that misses none of the nuances of a very feline sexuality. Not surprisingly, she was, until her retirement earlier this year, one of Britain's leading models – as connoisseurs of page three of *The Sun* newspaper will be quick to point out. Nowadays Kelly earns her daily bread as a secretary, and it takes a great deal of tempting to draw her back in front of a camera lens. Feast your eyes, then, on what are likely to be the last revealing portraits of an exceptional young lady.

LETTERS



You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*
Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

The following appeared recently in an eminent fannyancial newspaper:
'HOUSE OF FRASER £0.93M OFFER FOR BROWN MUFF'.
From this heading, the price of pleasure seems excessive, even in this inflationary era. Would the money be raised by pubic subscription?
J L B, Morpeth, Northumberland

We could hardly believe the coincidence but one of this month's models, Ginny – you'll find her on pages 43 to 47 – used to work at that well-known Bradford department store, known locally, we add, as 'the Harrods of Bradford.' We know now what's really meant by going down to the shops.

As one who has not worn a vest since the age of twelve when I convinced my mother that I wasn't about to expire from frostbite without such a garment, it came as somewhat of a surprise to see no less than three of the models in your February issue wearing such garments.
For many years I have been of the opinion that the vast majority of males encumber themselves with far too much clothing, particularly in the form of heavy sweaters and thick underwear worn in what is, for most people, a centrally heated environment.
The female of the species however appears to survive in a minimum of clothing rarely exceeding two layers and those far thinner than most clothing worn by men. It seems to be a tradition that men must appear in public wearing jacket, pullover, shirt and vest, whereas a woman is judged adequately clad in just a thin jumper or blouse and is regarded as very unusual if she wears a vest. Indeed, in some circles she is regarded as unusual if she wears a bra.
In my opinion a vest is restrictive, uncomfortable, does not provide extra warmth and is definitely unsexy.
When I was at school, not so many decades ago, the boy who did not wear a vest was definitely odd-man out – in those unpermissive days I never did find out what girls wore but I expect vests figured in their wardrobes too. Now, however, the opposite seems to be the case and the average class of school children does not possess more than a couple of vests between its members.
So, how about passing the message on to your models, and suggest that they consign their unfashionable underwear to the ragbag?
J K, Northampton

Beautiful, Mr Cobb, beautiful. Ronald Cobb's 'Lucinda' in Volume 12 Number 2 was his greatest illustration yet, in my opinion. Those exquisitely executed buttocks showing through open tights and the fact that Lucinda isn't nude but has her dress and pants 'set for action' is a real turn-on. I've been one of Mr Cobb's fans for ages, but a thing I've often wished he'd do – just for once perhaps – is to show the lady with company. And not necessarily male.
Mr Cobb, just for once then, how about a well-built wench like 'Lucinda' sitting, either on a chair or perhaps a park bench, with a pair of nice substantial legs crossed at the knee – showing plenty of course – with a nipper, bawling its head off on her lap (it could even be accidentally tearing her

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LETTERS

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top buttons open as it squirms about) another baby playing on the floor and a couple more fighting in the background? The lady's hair, done something like Lucinda's; her dress flowery and summer-weight, well-rumpled up around her buttocks and complemented with my own contribution, if you like:

There was a young woman who
lived on a hill
Too far from the chemist to
pick up her pill
But it wasn't her hubby who
knew what to do
And even the newsboy is
joining the queue.

I H Newcastle

PS: I have a confession to make – it's my wife's idea.

Recently, when I was in hospital recovering from acute depression, I was treated to a new cure. The hospital, being of the training type, had a number of American students. One morning, when I was feeling bored, I was agreeably surprised to see, entering the room where the patients were gathered, the most beautiful young blonde I had ever set eyes on.

It was obvious she was not one of us, as apart from not looking 'that way' she wore a white coat. As it was unbuttoned it was easy to see that not only was she beautiful so far as looks were concerned, but she had the most gorgeous 36–26–36 figure – anyway about that. She was about twenty-three and about five feet three inches tall.

'Some lucky blokes around that,' I thought and decided that in my state of health it was better to forget it. Then, out of the blue, this marvellous girl was calling my name in the most seductive manner.

Trying not to show my intense excitement, I let her know who I was, and she briefly explained in a delightful drawl that she was a student from Washington, DC, and that I had been selected for her to complete a case study.

'Could we find somewhere to talk,' she said. Quickly I led the way down a corridor and as it turned out, the only available spot for our talk was an empty bedroom. Just a single bed and a chair. We went in . . . I sat on the chair . . . she on the bed.

It seemed that this girl had read my notes and was particularly interested in the fact that I had complained of impotency over the recent months. In fact, it soon became apparent that this was all she was interested in.

She asked me if it was complete impotency or if I was able to get a semi-erection . . . I told her that sometimes I was able to erect about half-way. We discussed masturbation and I told her I wasn't really keen on it.

All this time she had been crossing and uncrossing her legs, so much so that I not only thought she had an itchy fanny but also I realised that far from being impotent, I had got a stand-on.

I now realise that she must have noticed it too because she quickly got off the bed, went over to the door and tried to lock it. She should have known that in such a place doors were not lockable.

She realised this and took me by the hand and without a word propped me up with my back to the door thus preventing it from being opened from the outside.

Putting her arms around my neck and nestling her mouth against my ear she whispered 'now we'll soon see about that impotence,' and quickly unzipped my fly. Her hand soon found my erection and she was fondling it as if it was her first time. There was no impotence on my part . . . I felt fourteen inches long and seven inches across. By this time my left hand was caressing her well-pointed breast . . . I was biting her neck, and my right hand was stroking the top of her thighs, working firmly towards her vagina. I was there quickly, moving three fingers in and out of her as she stroked my penis gently but firmly.

'Now you're ready to f . . . me hard,' she said. I was too, but it had to be with my back

turn to page 14

'Look, Hannibal, you just can't have a lead elephant with the runs!'

LETTERS

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firmly stretched against the door to stop anyone getting in. She placed her legs wide apart and I slid it right in.

Well she was, truly, there and then and it helped in that stand-up position by the number of times people from outside pushed the door into my backside, trying to get in. We were hard at it for about half-an-hour . . . she must have had four orgasms in that time to my one . . . then abruptly as if she realised what it was all about, she kissed me gently, stepped away, adjusted her clothing and dashed out.

I was discharged the following day . . . but have been tempted to return to see if she is still practising her brand of medicine.

R G, London W12

What a super magazine you have! And what international appeal – on a recent holiday in Greece, I saw *Mayfair* prominently displayed on Athens bookstalls.

I would like to support the recent reader who wanted to see a storyline behind at least one of your photo features. With all those luscious young ladies posing in their sexy underwear surely it would not be hard to find some models for a comedy sequence. It would be most entertaining to see two elegantly dressed women indulging in a slapstick session in a very posh restaurant setting. Entitled, for instance, 'Tea time at the Ritz,' it would involve sacrificing two outfits for the sake of some sexy fun. First one of the girls would spill her drink over the other's skirt. Then the process of escalating good-humoured relations would take place in the custard-pie tradition. One gooey dish after another would be carefully smeared down each girl's elegant front and when both were liberally covered in goo the clothes tearing would commence.

The next phase would be a liberal spraying down with soda syphons as each once-immaculate girl poses in sexy underwear, hat, jewellery and gloves. The water would make all the underwear translucent before the final session when the girls find a pair of scissors in one of their handbags and systematically snip off the remaining garments.

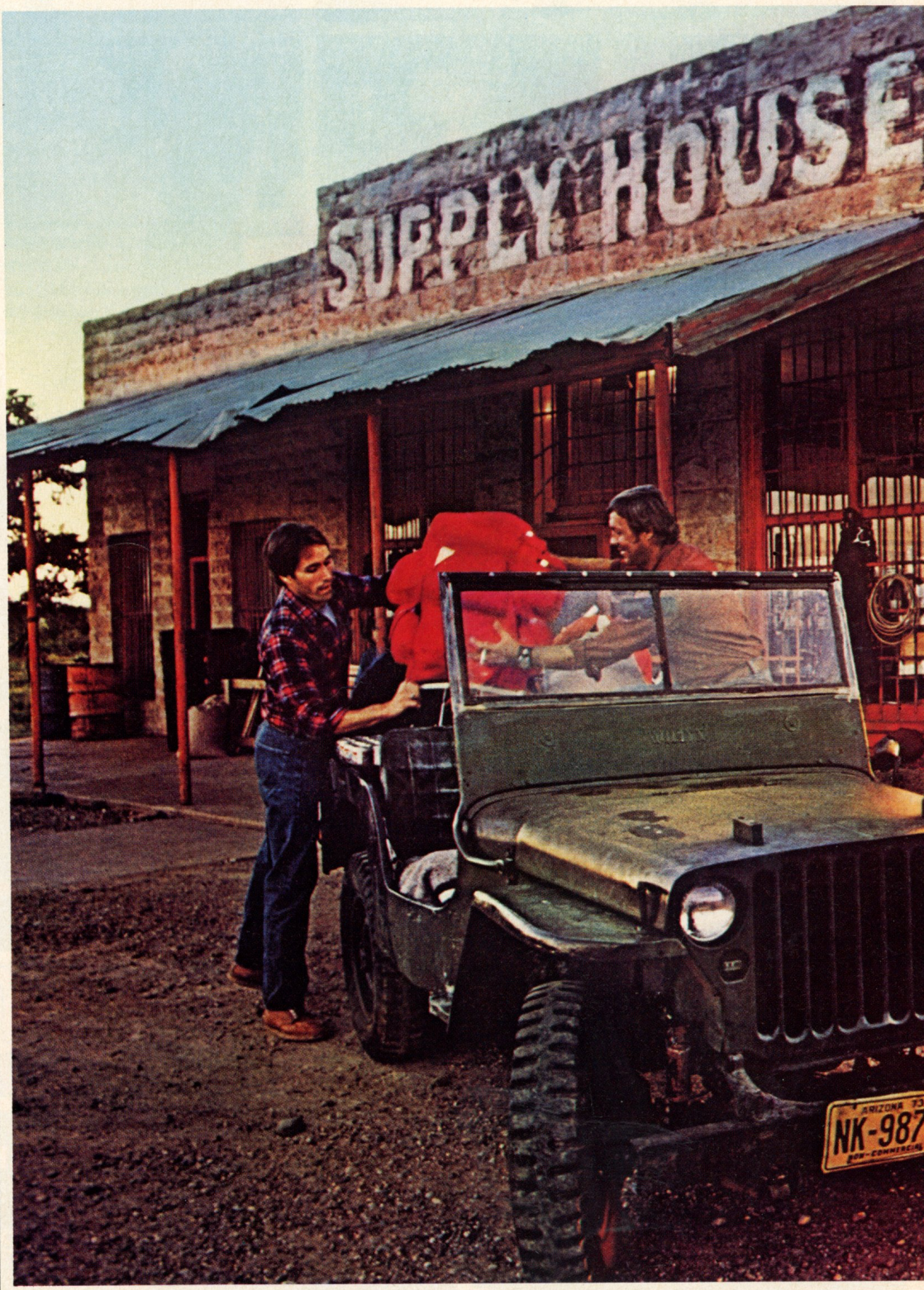
Then gloriously nude they could pose on the table laughing together just to show they were still good friends after letting their hair down.

We often see this sort of thing on television – slapstick, that is, without the nudity. *Mayfair* can add extra excitement by introducing its usual boobs and knickers shots to delight us all.

R Symonds, Stroud, Glos.

I am a sado-masochist and read with interest the letter from T L of Jersey in Vol 11 No 8. Quite frankly, until very recently, I thought I was some kind of freak, being turned on by thoughts of punishments and beatings across the bare buttocks. I now see that I am not alone in experiencing a near perfect orgasm after either having been beaten myself or beating a female partner. I would offer the following 'rules'.

1. You must have a *willing* partner, one who really enjoys a sound spanking.
2. The buttocks being beaten *must* be bare.
3. Position is of paramount importance. Your picture of Caroline on page 104 of Vol 11 No 8 shows what I consider to be the 'correct' position, viz. astride something, like the arm of a sofa.
4. The area of the buttocks that is beaten should be the extreme lower region, where the skin is taut.
5. The instrument should, ideally, be a light, thin cane, three to three and a half feet in length, though of course slippers, backs of hair brushes etc can also be effectively employed.
6. Some sort of slight 'offence'



As defined by H.M.Government LOW TO MIDDLE TAR. EVERY PACKE

should have been committed by the person being beaten; this is important for psychological reasons.
7. Once in the correct position, give six strokes across both cheeks, then six across the left cheek and six more across the right. Apply with *vigour*. By this time both partners should be really turned on and the woman can be laid accordingly. The number of strokes applied should be modified to suit both persons, of course. My first experiences of associating pleasure with pain occurred whilst at school. I would be interested to hear of other readers' experiences on this fascinating subject.
N W O, London N14

Recent correspondence about the girls appearing in your excellent publication, and the gear – if any – they've been wearing, has prompted me to look back through the back-issues I have kept since I first started taking *Mayfair*. Without doubt, my favourite is Wendy Allen (Vol 8 No 12). Maybe this is because she reminds me very much of a bird I once used to know – no longer, sadly. Although she appeared some time ago, do you think it would be possible to get her to pose again for you, since I for one would very much like to see more of her?
J S, Hitchin, Herts

I have recently become a regular reader of your excellent magazine and would like to know if any of these famous birds have appeared, or are likely to appear, on your pages? Elizabeth Sladen, Susan Hampshire, Anita Harris, Anne Aston, Tessa Wyatt, Anna and Freida from Abba, Fiona Fullerton, Nanette Newman, Jayne Seymour, Julie Ege, Farrah Fawcett-Majors, Kate Jackson, Jaclyn Smith, Liza Goddard, Felicity Kendal, Diana Rigg, Kiki Dee, Helen Morgan, Michelle Dotrice, Stephanie DeSykes and Pauline Collins. Would other readers who want to see lovely ladies unclothed please stand up and be counted?
S R C, Mitcham, Surrey

Actually Susan Hampshire and Anita Harris appeared many years ago in King magazine, which, alas, is out of print. We have seen some very nice pictures of a nude Helen Morgan, but unfortunately she was unwilling to sign a model release enabling us to print them for you.

I enjoyed Sally Ball in Vol 12 No 3. No doubt most men would say the various 'bottom and boob' pictures are the most interesting but I think many, if they are honest, would agree that those of her taken out-of-doors in her blue skirt and blouse (p 52) are the most exciting.
It may sound strange because she is fully-dressed, but that is the point because she is dressed like a pubescent twelve year old in school uniform. Furthermore the pictures are apparently taken in secluded parkland where schoolgirls have been known to lose their inhibitions.
The erotic appeal of any picture stems from the imagination of the beholder and the three pictures on that page allow one's mind to dwell on the sort of things she might be doing – for example, where she is lifting the back of her skirt to reveal those sexy cotton knickers, it could be the prelude to squatting down to pee – if you let your imagination dwell on that for a while you will find it far more stimulating than all the tits and open-crotch pictures which are inanimate, leave little to the imagination and, for me, are thoroughly boring. Indeed, I think that scene has run its course.
Other correspondents have stated a predilection for schoolgirls but obviously such tastes must remain in the realm of fantasy because they are under the age of consent (I have nothing but contempt for men

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CARRIES A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING.

LETTERS

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who mess about with these little creatures who are too young to be responsible for their desires).

Now, as the pictures on page 52 demonstrate, it is possible to give substance to these fantasies by using a young girl of legitimate age to model and act as a twelve year old. There are a vast number of erotic possibilities for such a model – handstands, climbing the ladder of a playground slide, knickers caught on a bramble, and the best of the lot, legs crossed, hand in crotch and a look on her face which says 'I wanna go to the loo'. There can't be many men who haven't been stimulated by a sight like that I'm certain, so why not give the schoolgirl addicts a treat – remember not a stitch of clothing has to be removed because it's all in the mind?

P M, Lowestoft, Suffolk

What a gorgeous sexy girl Sally Ball is (Vol 12 No 3). I hope to see her again in future issues of *Mayfair*. The pictures of her in her school uniform are just great and proved a real turn-on for me. Could you please tell me how tall she is? I am sure that her many admirers would be pleased if she took up modelling full-time. I hope you can persuade her to.

C H, Bradford, West Yorks

Sixteen-year-old Sally, is five feet two.

I have just received several recent issues of *Mayfair* which are banned here in South Africa. Fine for a great number of men but how about catering for those interested in other things.

For example, I am keen on bondage of the woman. Surprisingly enough I have found a number of females who enjoy it. Maybe it stems from olden times when women liked to be taken by force. One or two also like caning, and in the past this has brought on quite violent orgasms in a very short space of time. For me, one of the most beautiful sights is a female in only a waspie corset and five-inch heeled shoes, with her arms laced tightly behind her, a ball gag in her mouth, her legs tied apart and a good-sized vibrator being used in the right place.

Eventually one has to partake in the action by either removing the vibrator or gag.

So, how about it Mayfair?

C G Watson, Pretoria North, South Africa

Legs apartheid, heh.

Two friends and I work in a hairdressers and we are intrigued by some of the sexy letters that appear in your magazine. Do men really feel as sexy as they describe when making love to a woman?

I shouldn't want my husband to know but personally I'd like to see some of these men in action.

Another point which interests us is all these men who, as young kids of thirteen and fourteen, either had sex or fancied having it, with women in their twenties and even thirties.

Honestly fellows, would you really be turned-on by the overweight thighs and bums of pram-pushing, toddlers' nose-wiping housewives?

Also, my friends and I are agreed (and we're all married): there wouldn't be much kick for us in giving some schoolkid a good time while hubbie's dinner was burning on the stove.

Just imagine us wriggling out of our girdles for some fourth form lecher, knowing that our own third-formers were about to thunder in the front door any moment.

Sorry, boys, it's a bit hard to believe. Still, if there was no chance of getting found out, then we might give it a try.

Kath (Val and Maiv), Bristol

Congratulations on Marilyn Guillaum who appeared in Vol 12 No 1 – her shaved mound was a real treat for me and I expect for many other readers. I would like to make a suggestion on the subject of body hair. Could we please see more of your delicious girls completely devoid of body hair – including on the head?

S Thomas, Birmingham

After Kojak, Kojill . . .

Although all your girls are thrilling to look at, you periodically present one that gives me a special warm feeling right through. Such is the

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LET US KEEP YOU POSTED

There are two ways of getting *Mayfair* every month. Easiest is to simply stroll round to your local newsagent and take a copy off the rack, but if you always find your newsagent has just sold his last copy as you arrive, or if you live abroad, (or even miles from a town in this country), then a subscription is the thing for you. A single payment of just £10.15 or £10 if you happen to live abroad – ensures prompt delivery of print-fresh copies every month for a year; there's nothing more to pay either, even if postal rates do go up again. Each month, your own personal copy of the magazine with its sparkling blend of gorgeous girls, readable fiction, absorbing features and of course Quest, readers' letters, jokes and cartoons will be delivered to your home. Is that an offer to be refused?

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LETTERS

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case with Marilyn from Vol 12 No 1. If I were thirty instead of sixty I would try to track her down and meet her.

Marilyn not only has a beautiful body but she has a face that is full of character and humour. A look into her eyes, especially in the picture on page 86, makes me feel that she would be supremely good company. I admit that it is difficult to concentrate on her eyes for long, because my eyes are distracted by her adorable titties and her provocative bottom. I don't usually like a girl to shave off her fur, but Marilyn has avoided the 'plucked chicken' look that shaved pussies tend to have.

I wonder whether you could, nevertheless, persuade her to grow her fur again and come back for some more photographs. I think she'd look even more alluring with a black bushy tail and apron.

J G, Bristol

I was interested in the article 'Relics of the Raj' on Indian railways in Vol 11 No 6, and being in Agra, I decided to visit the Agra Fort station, pictured in the splendid main opening photograph. I was most surprised to find that the photo is not in fact of the station, but shows an engine against a mosque which is further down the track. The station itself is most undistinguished.

Trevor Parker, Crediton, Devon

Photographer Chris Gammell says that the engine pictured, a Canadian CWD metre gauge locomotive, was shunting carriages into the platforms at Agra Fort station. The mosque served as a backdrop in a similar way that in the background to a picture of Waterloo station the Shell building might be featured.

Until a few weeks ago I was under the apprehension, as are many others, that sexual affairs between young men and elderly women rarely happen. For me it occurred when I was on my last leave.

I am a serving matelot, aged eighteen, and based in Portsmouth, with two years service behind me.

Before joining the navy I worked in a small holiday camp which was managed by a very attractive woman of about forty-two. She was married, happily, with two children.

It was a Friday when I arrived in my home town and feeling thirsty decided to go to the camp which has a bar and to drop in and see those I used to work with as it had been four and a half months since I was last home.

When I entered the manager's office she was typing and I noticed she was dressed in a skimpy white blouse with a black bra on underneath which showed her magnificent breasts off and gave me an incredible twitching in my loins.

Her legs were crossed showing a fair expanse of lightly tanned thigh from her September holiday to Spain.

She was genuinely pleased to see me and thanked me for a naughty postcard I had sent from Rio de Janeiro.

Anyway, we were chatting over a cup of coffee and she asked me what it was like in Rio. I said it was very hot and one of those places where sex is easy to come by and that there was a lot of VD about. In a sort of sexy shocked voice she said 'oh my, I suppose you were banging off and caught a dose. Well, we can't have that, get your cock out and let's have a look.'

I was surprised but gladly pulled out my semi-stiff penis for her. She had long elegant fingers with manicured red-painted nails and very soon her stroking fingers had me aroused and very stiff trying to poke my navel with my end.

As she looked at me we kissed and she poked her tongue deep into my mouth. I ran my tongue over her sweet-tasting lips and into her hot mouth. My left hand went immediately to her breast and as I touched her erect nipple she gasped. My right hand was tickling the inside of her thighs which she loved and I could feel that her knicks were very wet and at that point she broke away and said 'Come with me.' Taking a key from a drawer, she led me into a storage room for mattresses.

She stood in front of me and asked if I had ever been to bed with a woman before. I told her that I had, but not with anyone as voluptuous as her. We undressed and she pulled me onto the soft blanket-covered mattress and took me

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into her mouth. She licked and nipped until beautiful sensations tingled my nerve ends. I wormed my way around until my face was next to her vagina and I gently tongued her clitoris. I pulled her head away, layed her on her stomach and placed a pillow under her to raise her thighs.

I was almost coming when she rolled me off and got on top; as she rode me her face was screwing up with pleasure and she was biting my neck and chest. After only a few minutes I could see her approaching orgasm and as we made love my hands went all over her lovely, tanned, mature body. I came first and she a moment or two later with a series of low, long sensual moans.

As we sat having a smoke I told her I'd wanted to do that for months. She said 'thank you' in a shy sort of voice and so began a week of joy for we made love at every available opportunity. I'm greatly looking forward to my next leave.

A W, BFPO Ships

I write on behalf of my friend and I. We are both eighteen-year-old girls. Our story is unusual and we hope it interests you.

When we were walking through a woodland one day we found a *Mayfair* on the ground and began browsing through it – not, I must add, at those snaps of breasts and what not, but at the far more seductive looking navels.

Our interest is so deep that when the word 'navel' is mentioned a lovely sensation penetrates our bodies.

It began about two and a half years ago when my girlfriend, Sue, and I were getting changed to go swimming. We slipped off our jumpers revealing bra and tummy; then took off our trousers, revealing thigh and panties. We turned to face each other. Sue slipped off her bra revealing her beautiful thirty eight inch breasts and I followed suit. Clad in only tiny briefs we were both pacing up and down and gently chatting. Suddenly our eyes were attracted to each other's tummy. Why? Because we both have funny belly-buttons. A navel isn't the sort of thing to get worked-up over but we were both engrossed in ours. Mine looked quite ordinary – it did to me anyway, while Sue's protruded from her abdomen and did look funny. Sue said that she had never seen one like mine – it was enormous. I must admit that it is very big.

I admire Sue because most people would not dare show a tummy-button of such shape, they would be too embarrassed. We often sit down, get undressed and simply play around with each other's tummy-buttons . . I can do all sorts of things to Sue's.

In the summer we take every opportunity to show our navels – we wear short T-shirts and tight hipster jeans. This places greater emphasis on our navels and attracts attention. No one should be ashamed of revealing their belly-buttons.

What do other people think about belly-buttons?

Anne (address withheld)

As air stewardesses often flying into London and Prestwick, Scotland, we enjoy reading your magazine, admittedly bought by male colleagues. However, we agree with them that it is superior both in content and production to anything we know of in the States. We were all fascinated by the letter from Miss Deacon who in Vol 11 No 10 told how she enjoyed sitting on the face of a boy during her schooldays and by the subsequent letter and challenge from reader D D of Watford in Vol 12 No 1. Quite frankly D D's letter is typical male chauvinism, saying that the girl couldn't have sat on him with enough weight to cover his face with her bottom, to achieve the results she claims.

What a naive assumption this surely is. D D seems to have overlooked altogether that the boy was already being sat upon by several other girls. Also, on re-reading Miss Deacon's letter, she says that his protests were muffled in her knickers, and ceased altogether as she sat with her full weight on him. This clearly suggests that from her squatting position she then simply stretched her legs forward and down; this would certainly mean that her buttocks and thighs would spread and squash together in direct contact with his face, and the fact that her skirt was away and not sandwiched under her means that both nose and mouth would be severely gagged. Let me assure D D and others who think women are physically incapable that I have personally witnessed an almost identical situation when women members of a keep-fit class I attend tackled a violent and dangerous thief. About twelve women finally pulled down the offender and simultaneously sat heavily on top of him, as many as possible trying to get their weight on him.

One girl, on holiday from Israel, was really resolute and though dressed only in a sweater and black satin bloomers, she jumped high astride his chest and as the man became weakened from sheer pressure of weight, she literally bounced forward onto his head (I have to say that the girl was not only quite tall but well-rounded). She landed squarely on his face as he struggled violently and could have been badly bitten by the thief who struggled like a mad bull. However with considerable courage she bumped her weight back fully onto his face, sitting down hard with legs astride, and forward for full effect. The thief who had been most dangerous was now literally flattened. The sight of the girl's huge bottom completely over the thief's face was a sight one could never forget. He passed out after about a minute of this girl's weight. She told us later that during service in the women's Israeli army, she had learned a few 'unfair tricks' for survival and with other girls had once sat on an intruder in similar circumstances.

We hope very much that you can print this letter and above all that Miss Deacon will hopefully have the spunk to call D D's bluff. I am sure a great many readers would love to witness this spectacle – perhaps to be illustrated in a future issue of *Mayfair*? D D could find himself in something bigger than he intended – like several girls who are willing to sit on his face long and heavily. What a sight this would be, and a real fillip for women.

Shelley (Pattie, Annette, Susan and others), New York, USA

I was very interested in Gerald Cole's review of Francis Giacobetti's *Emmanuelle 2* (Vol 12 No 1) and hope you may be interested in my impressions of this film which has only just

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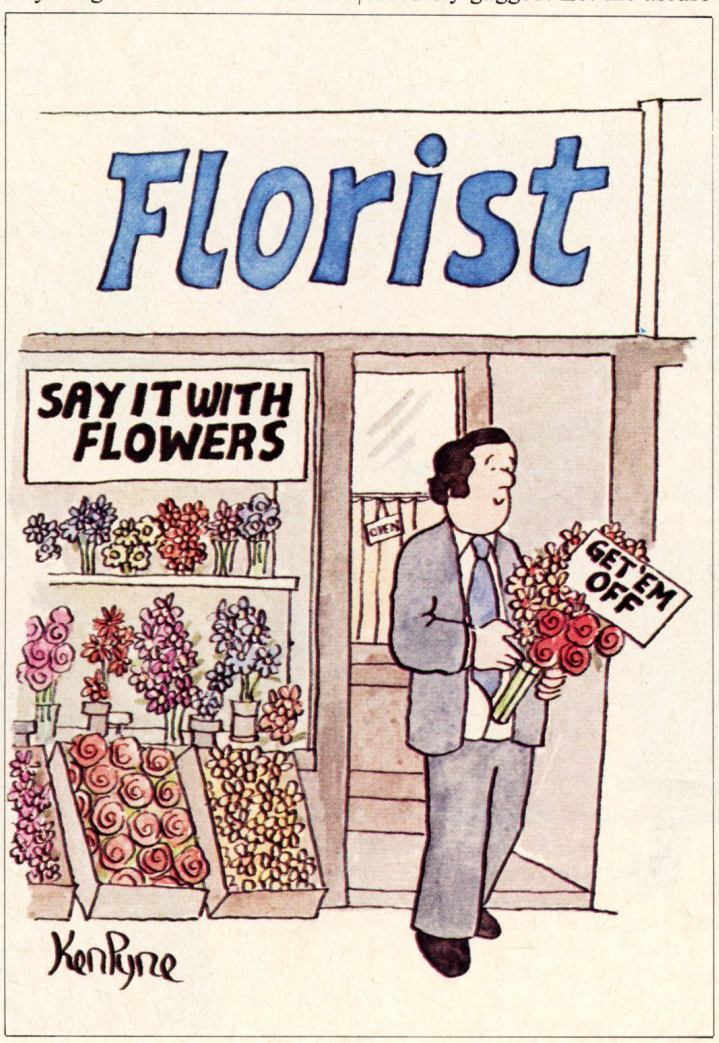

LETTERS

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appeared on Merseyside. In view of the extraordinary original film, which now appears to be something of a phenomenon, I approached *Emmanuelle 2* with a certain trepidation and was, inevitably disappointed. The title is really a misnomer, having virtually nothing in common with the original and is basically a very ordinary sex film which, even with the presence of Sylvia Kristel, is eminently forgettable.

Emmanuelle (Sylvia Kristel) has lost the innocent charm of the previous film and has now developed a worldy-wise cynical attitude that I found thoroughly irritating. Her husband (Umberto Orsini) apart from a few bland smiles looked suitably bored by the whole proceedings and the appearance of the aviator (Frederic Lagache) was a monumental non-event. Although Miss Kristel was more trendily dressed, groomed and even more stunningly attractive than before, she has become engulfed by the suffocating world where box-office is king.

Even the marvellous cinematography, Hong Kong locations and Francis Lai's memorable score cannot compensate for all the inanely motivated sexual callisthenics and Francis Giacobetti was incapable of disguising the generally dehumanising emptiness of this film. The paper-thin veneer of pretty images soon faded to reveal shallow, unreal characters and *milieu*. Notwithstanding the massage parlour scene, the director was under the delusion that eroticism was synonymous with the single act of sexual intercourse.

The supporting film – Carlo Ponti's *I Will if You Will* – a delightful and very amusing Italian sex comedy, was infinitely better and notable for a sensational (and very revealing) appearance by Ursula Andress. She generated more sexuality by a nude swim and an agile romp on a bed than Miss Kristel managed in her entire film.

T D, Liverpool

I am unashamedly a 'bottomist.' Study of the female nether regions has, over the years, given me an insight into those things shared only with other connoisseurs of the art. To us, breasts are, by comparison, puny things and at best can only hope to resemble on a smaller scale the luscious orbs, so full and deliciously cleft, which are the female bottom. By close observation I have found that bottoms seem mostly to come in three standard shapes: the Cherry, the Pear, and the Victoria Plum. Let he who would doubt the fruity comparison make a surveillance next time he's out and about, or, better still, when preparing to correct his naughty girlfriends he takes them over his knee and bares their bottoms for a lusty spanking.

The Victoria Plum is the bottom with full buttocks as broad at the hips as at the thighs. The Pear begins with narrow hips then broadens to a much greater width at thigh and buttock; while the gorgeous globes of the Cherry maintain an even width between hip and thigh, but without the overall depth of the Victoria Plum. By utilising my 'fruity' grading system the connoisseur bottomist will in future be able to record against the girlfriend's names a handy detail which should greatly assist later in savouring pleasures past.

J T, Greenford, Middlesex

I am 40, married with a wife and a nice family, but as my wife's attitude and appetite on sexual matters differs greatly from mine, I have on several occasions had lovers. I should add that I'm slim but well-endowed.

I used to be self-conscious about my build but had always a fancy for well-built ladies. Recently when away from home I met one such gorgeous creature about my own age. We found a quiet spot among some trees and proceeded to mess about in the back seat of my car. After a little time I started to open the buttons on her dress to reveal those lovely big breasts.

I then removed her knickers by which time she had me in her hand. We made love and had a great climax.

Afterwards she told me that as her husband was a bit on the podgy side and as it happened not too well-endowed, my slim build had enabled her to experience a deeper penetration than before. So you see, we slim guys can do things for well-proportioned females.

J M, Ayrshire

The following extract is from the London *Evening Standard*. 'Another Old Bailey judge took a lenient course in dealing with cases of unlawful sexual intercourse . . . Judge Gerald Hines, QC, placed a father of 39 on probation after he had admitted having intercourse with a 15-year-old girl.'

With 39 kids I wonder where he found the time.

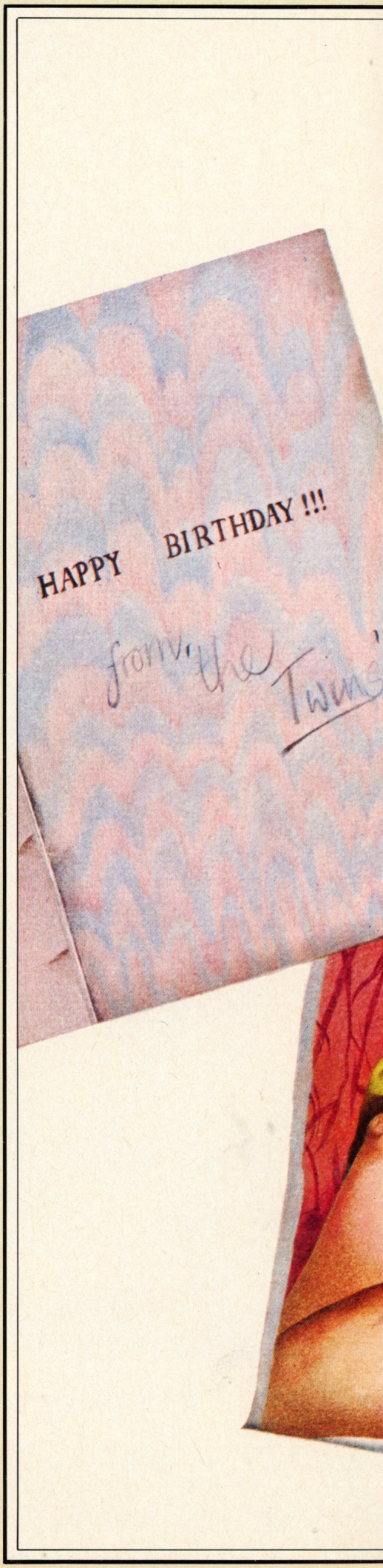
A N, Streatham

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

. . . Everybody has food testers!'

'We have a thousand pounds in cash,' the young twin told his pretty governess. 'My brother and I want to sleep with you.' But that was only the beginning

Fiction by Jerry Jago Scott



They were only 14 years old, and in her charge, under her orders. In theory. Yet she could not think of Conrad and Paul as boys, or even the more neutral, less subtly threatening *children*.

The reason for that . . . Oh, *reasons*. Reasons, shmeasons! Conrad and Paul made Dilys K feel gauche and gawky, vulnerable and laughable. Perhaps that was no bad thing. Dilys of the straight, tanned legs and ice-cream scoop breasts had been a big (though comely) frog in a small pond. After a year at art college she could hardly help pitying her vegetable mother and sneering at her male chauvinist father.

So Dilys, quite pretty, not overly intelligent, of less than startling gifts, may have been due to be taken down a peg. And at Eden Lodge, where she got her summer vacation job, the downgrading was gentle, unheeding, and very well paid.

All the same, she feared and distrusted Conrad and Paul, never referring to them, even mentally, as anything other than The Twins. So young, so invulnerable, so self-assured! If they so much as looked at her with their honey-eyes, she coloured.

They were beautiful, Paul and Conrad, she admitted that. The Twins were an entity, two-headed, like some Greek God-beast out of the dawn of the world. They moved as one, with fluid grace, always in step. Chide Conrad, and Paul's nostrils flared; praise Paul, and Conrad smiled faintly, accepting merit with the calmness of right.

☆ ☆ ☆

Dilys K is at her interview, held in Mr Matrix's London hotel. Dilys wears a pink candy-striped dress and carries her father's attache case. She wishes to appear sensible and responsible.

Matrix awes and repulses her. Through Dilys' perfume strikes a slight, metallic touch of perspiration. Catching the taint, Matrix grins to himself, a small, obese, faintly Asiatic-looking person.

'My sons,' he murmurs, 'are a problem.'

'I've got brothers, little brothers, I can handle cheeky kids.'

Matrix frowns in a pained manner. 'Please . . . Conrad and Paul require no *discipline*.' Head on one side, he waits to see how Dilys takes the word. It has no untoward implications for her. Perspiring, she shifts uncomfortably, aware of not seeing a sophisticated joke. Matrix shrugs and explains that his twin sons would benefit – he feels – from female companionship during their summer holidays.

'There is a full staff at Eden Lodge,' he says. 'A swimming pool, badminton and tennis courts, a croquet lawn. Tax deductible, it goes without saying.' For no clear reason, he bows. 'You can divert yourself, my dear. My sons may be taken to the theatre, art galleries, if you wish. I want them exposed'. Again he waits.

'Exposed to culture,' he adds, with a thin smile. 'I may join you for brief respites from business.'

'Is there a *Mrs* Matrix?' Dilys blurts out, ungraciously.

He inclines his head. 'Indubitably,' he replies. And, disturbingly, 'Several, several.' But the salary he offers is so stunning that Dilys stammers and almost drools in her gratitude to earn such money, her haste to secure the post.

Eden Lodge is large, off-putting, isolated. A Rolls Corniche awaits her at the nearest station. She tries to take the front seat; the chauffeur's upper lip lifts a fraction and firmly, he puts her in the back. 'Is this all?' he complains, brooding over her luggage, showing her in a crushing, embarrassing moment that the suitcase and weekend bag are mean, shoddy, badges of second-rateness.

It takes Dilys K a week to discover the full extent of the house and for days thereafter she remains uncertain about the relationship of one room to another. She gets lost, and The Twins, Conrad-Paul, rescue her.

The living room (or rather one of them, where The Twins tend to settle) is huge – glass cliffs of windows, polished parquet swallowing great carpets and making them look like scatter rugs. Dilys cannot settle there, it is like living in an airport departure lounge. Her heels make noises on the floor, sometimes she feels certain that The Twins fall silent abruptly, without warning, just to hear the nylon squeaking of her tights.

Once, Dilys walks into the master bedroom, Matrix's lair. The ceiling above the bed is mirrored. Dilys sees, very vividly, Mr Matrix's fingers bearing streaks of black hairs so dense that they resemble moss. She shudders and flees the lair.

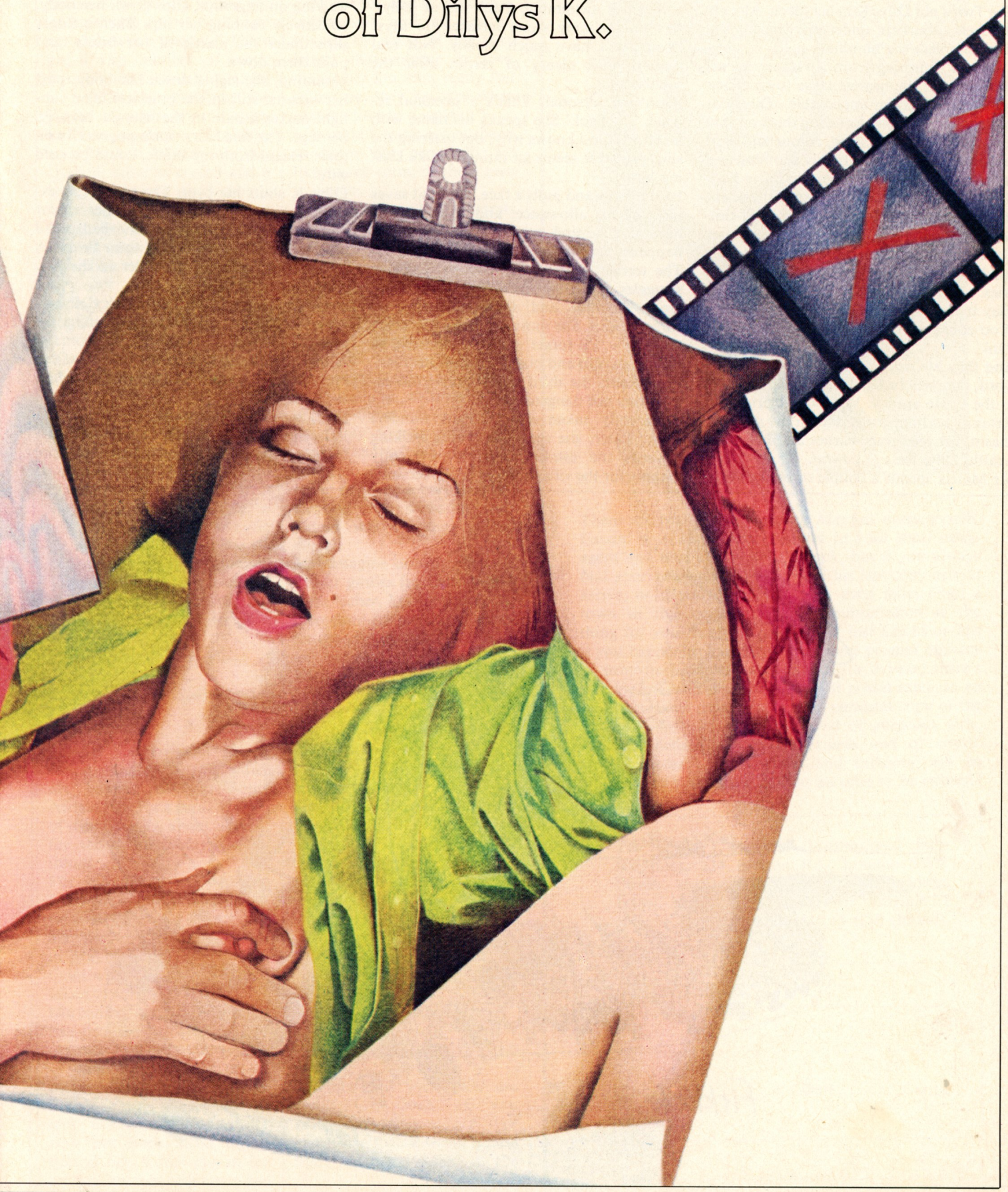
The servants remind Dilys K of the fairy-tale of the Sleeping Beauty. They are awake but other-worldly, sulky. The housekeeper, a gaunt, anaemic ghost of a woman called Mrs O'Dell, evidently resents and despises Dilys K.

Mrs O'Dell reprimands Dilys, early on, for making her own bed. 'That's Staff, Miss. You're not Staff.' Mrs O'Dell hesitates. 'You're not Guests, either, mind.'

Seeing them for the first time, Dilys K is struck by the animal grace and beauty of The Twins. They have short, straight noses

ILLUSTRATION BY JENNIFER EACHUS

The Entrapment and Downfall of Dilys K.



with great pits of nostrils, hungry mouths, huge, liquid eyes. Bulls, she thinks, confusedly, already dry in the mouth. Their hair, auburn, tightly curled, growing low on the forehead, strengthens the bull-mask impression.

When they shake hands, so gravely, and look at her, Dilys K's skin itches and she yearns to giggle and wriggle.

Very soon – and it is all the more galling that they have no intention of so doing – The Twins put Dilys K in her place. Already she feels suburban, under-privileged. Now they complete the humiliation.

They are returning from a visit to an art exhibition in the nearest large town. Their behaviour has been impeccable. Dilys has gained some ground, lecturing them on skin tones in portraits, texture, colour and light values, brushwork. All highly soothing and satisfactory to lonely, uncertain Dilys K.

The Corniche whispers past an ancient manorhourse, black and white, half-timbered, shouldering up out of beds of roses like an old man roused from slumber on a gaudy counterpane. 'It's gorgeous,' Dilys cries.

'Buy it then,' says Conrad.

'You could get it for forty thousand,' says Paul.

And they are not jesting. If Dilys says the word, they will order the chauffeur to drive to the estate agency. Without surprise and certainly without envy. Shown the gap, the chasm, between wage-earner and holder of wealth, Dilys feels . . . *awful.*

Mr Matrix spends a couple of weekends at Eden Lodge. He and his sons walk line abreast across the natural carpets of the lawns. Dilys senses that they share jokes and confidences, that at dinner they are united – not against her, but certainly not in her best interests.

It comes to Dilys K that Matrix would have her, if she were willing. But that he would enjoy her if she were not willing. He makes no approach of any kind.

For a wonder, The Twins are not together. Conrad is swimming, Paul sits at Dilys' feet on the grey stone terrace. He says: 'You don't have much money. Not real money, with plenty of zeroes after the numbers.'

'Don't be personal. That's a personal remark . . . Paul.' She speaks his name with an effort. God knows why, but uttering the single syllable seems an intimacy, like kissing him.

Paul frowns and pulls a face. 'Conrad saves most of his allowance, and so do I. We have a thousand pounds in cash, as it happens. We want to sleep with you.'

The terrace lurches and swoops. Dilys K struggles for a satisfactory rebuke. They are precocious and sophisticated, these cursed Twins. She must not make too much of it, so – 'I'll forget you said anything so ridiculous. Go and play with your brother.' She accents the third word: play-children-little-boy not dangerous.

Apparently taken aback, Paul wanders away. Later, she sees The Twins walking towards the estate boundary, evidently making for the village. Most of the servants are out. Dilys K goes upstairs to her bedroom.

It is cool up there. Shaken, upset, pretending amusement and wonder at Paul's offer, Dilys K starts to change out of her blouse and slacks.

But the upset makes her aimless, and she lies on the bed. A breeze bellies the pure white, filmy curtains, blossom snowfalls down from a tree.

Of its own accord, Dilys K's left hand, walking on fingertips, slips down her body, reflectively rubbing her hip. Then a finger slips under the elastic of her briefs, and pulls them down.

Squinting, she sights down her body, past her breasts, still in the brassiere. The sunlight makes a halo in the triangle between her legs. The fine hairs, springing wildly on their release from the briefs, could be gold wire.

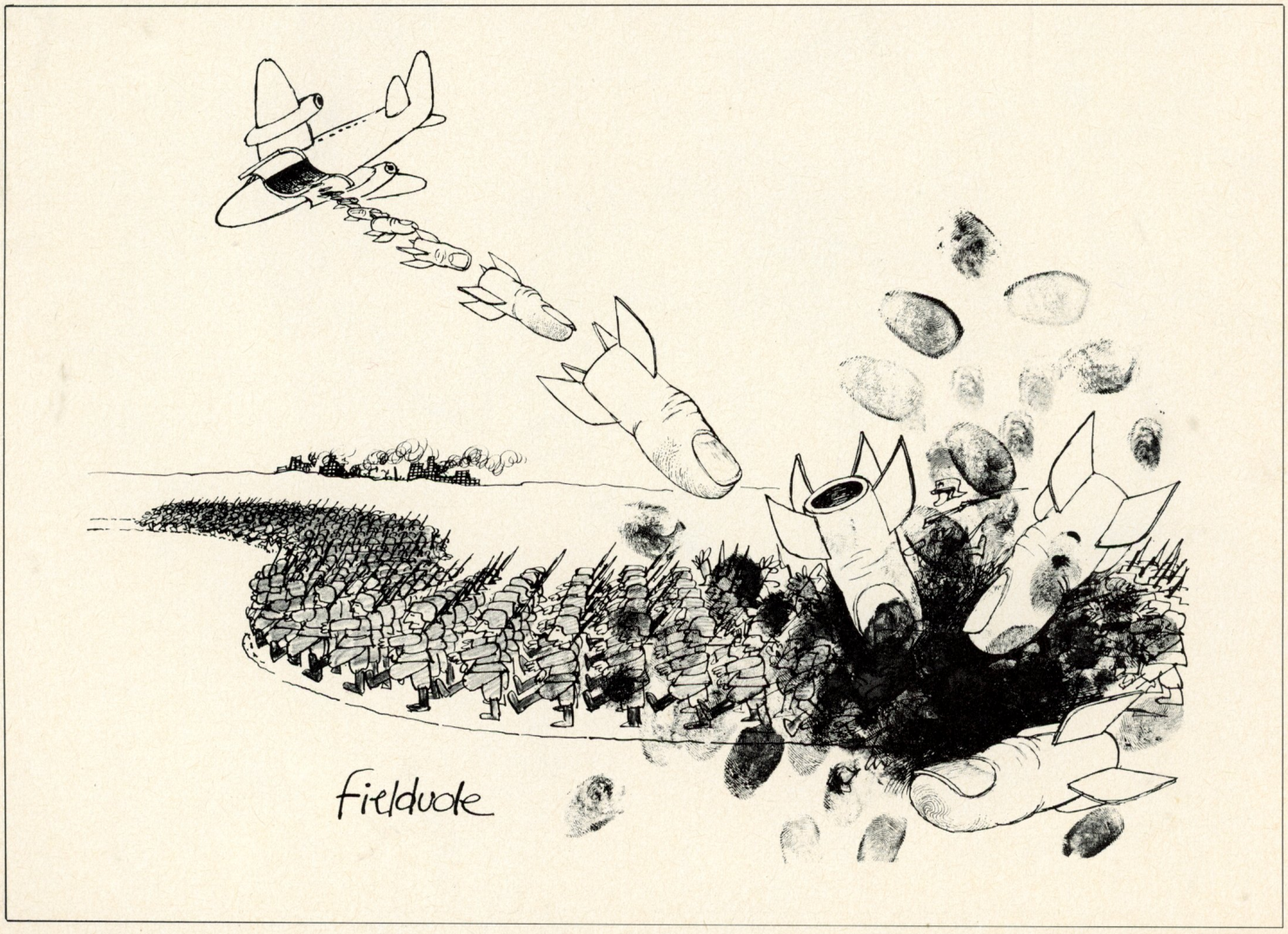
Dilys K shuts her eyes. The bed is too expensive to creak but she feels the regular contact-coolness-contact of the bedspread against her buttocks, as her spine flexes. A crystal drop of sweat trembles in the tiny depression over her upper lip.

Breath sawing against her teeth, Dilys K opens her eyes, raptly contemplating the ceiling.

A movement registers at the corner of her eye, in the penultimate moment, before orgasm.

Sick, sobered, heart hammering. Dilys jerks upright, crashes her knees together – trapping her hand – and plants her bare

turn to page 35



The Entrapment and Downfall of Dilys K

continued from page 18

feet on the carpet. She hears the very faintest drumming as two sets of footsteps retreat down the corridor. And her bedroom door, shut when she began (she checked, in the instant that her finger coaxed slippery agreement and started to enter) now stands open a shade. *The Twins.*

Dilys K yanks the briefs back up from around her ankles and throws a light raincoat over her shoulders.

The Twins share a room at the far end of the corridor – a room large enough to surround the foundations of her own home. Fiery with shame, knowing that she must confront them at once or be unable to face The Twins in the future, she flies down the passage and flings the door open.

The room is empty. Muzzily, illogically, Dilys thinks that their absence means – hope against hope – that they have not been spying on her.

Then she notices the scrap of paper under the nearest bed. It is a £20 note. *Careless . . a temptation to the servants . . . serve them right if it was stolen . . .* Dilys' mind gabbles.

She is hurrying back down the corridor when she sees the housekeeper, Mrs O'Dell. More to the point, Mrs O'Dell sees her. Mrs O'Dell stares pointedly – or so Dilys thinks – at the banknote clenched in Dilys' right hand.

'Uh . . . I'm posting this to my parents – savings,' Dilys K mutters. Mrs O'Dell says nothing, she walks to the stairwell and descends without deigning to reply.

Conrad and Paul are sitting side by side on the bed when Dilys blunders into her room, seeking sanctuary. Gently, The Twins draw her in and take the money from between her fingers.

'Not savings,' says Conrad. 'Allowance money. Our father keeps a list of the numbers, so there can be no mistake.'

Paul puts his head on one side, the Matrix gesture. 'That's why we called Mrs O'Dell up, so that she could see you in our room. I dare say she actually saw you with the money.'

Realising that she has been trapped, Dilys K bursts into a summer storm of grief.

'It's all right,' says Conrad. 'We could get our father to dismiss you and write to your parents explaining why. But we won't, if you co-operate.'

Dilys starts to protest. Paul sits beside her. 'You were playing with yourself, just now. All we ask is that you let us play with you, too.'

'No, no, it's not right, you're . . . you're *you*, and anyway it's dangerous and –'

Matter-of-factly, using no more force than needful, Conrad claps a hand over her mouth. The palm is smooth, warm, dry. 'You mustn't shout, the servants mustn't know. Lock the door, Paul.'

'Don't think of us as children', Paul argues. 'We are males, young males.'

'And you are a thief,' Conrad points out. 'We won't get you pregnant. Think which you would prefer: a pleasant – it will be pleasant – hour or so, here and now. Or the police being informed, a court case in the newspapers, shame for you and your parents.'

'One more thing,' Paul interposes. 'We give you our word that if you co-operate now, this once, we will make no more demands of you. It will not have happened. Life goes on as before. We will not have . . . had access to you . . . and you will not have been a thief.'

Dilys K, eyes swollen, puppy-fatted face grotesque in grief, keeps shaking her head 'No, no, no.'

Conrad takes her left hand, folds all but one finger against the palm, sniffs that finger, runs the point of his tongue along it. 'No, no,' she recites, a monotonous litany, 'no, no . . . is the door really locked?'

Dilys K tells herself that if she keeps her eyes shut, it can be dismissed as a dream.

And it is dreamlike, impossible, for The Twins are an entity: two mouths, four hands.

Conrad-Paul makes her lie down, undresses the wooden body, moving clothing down and around stiff limbs with exquisite care. For a long time Conrad-Paul is content to lie beside her, delivering the gentlest, butterfly kisses.

Dilys K snorts a sob and determined not to respond, keeps her eyes squeezed shut. Her breasts, blunted cones slightly flattened by gravity as she lies on her back, betray only tiny mounds, for the pink nipples have been shocked into retreat.

Then Conrad-Paul flick-licks the corner of her mouth, fast, then caressingly slowly. Dilys' mouth opens a little, her head rolls, instinctively she embraces the narrow shoulders – whose, she cares not – and begins to respond.

One of them, meanwhile, sucks and nibbles at her breasts until the unripe wild strawberries grow under the sun of his smooth tongue.

One of them parts her legs, one of them slides a pillow under her buttocks.

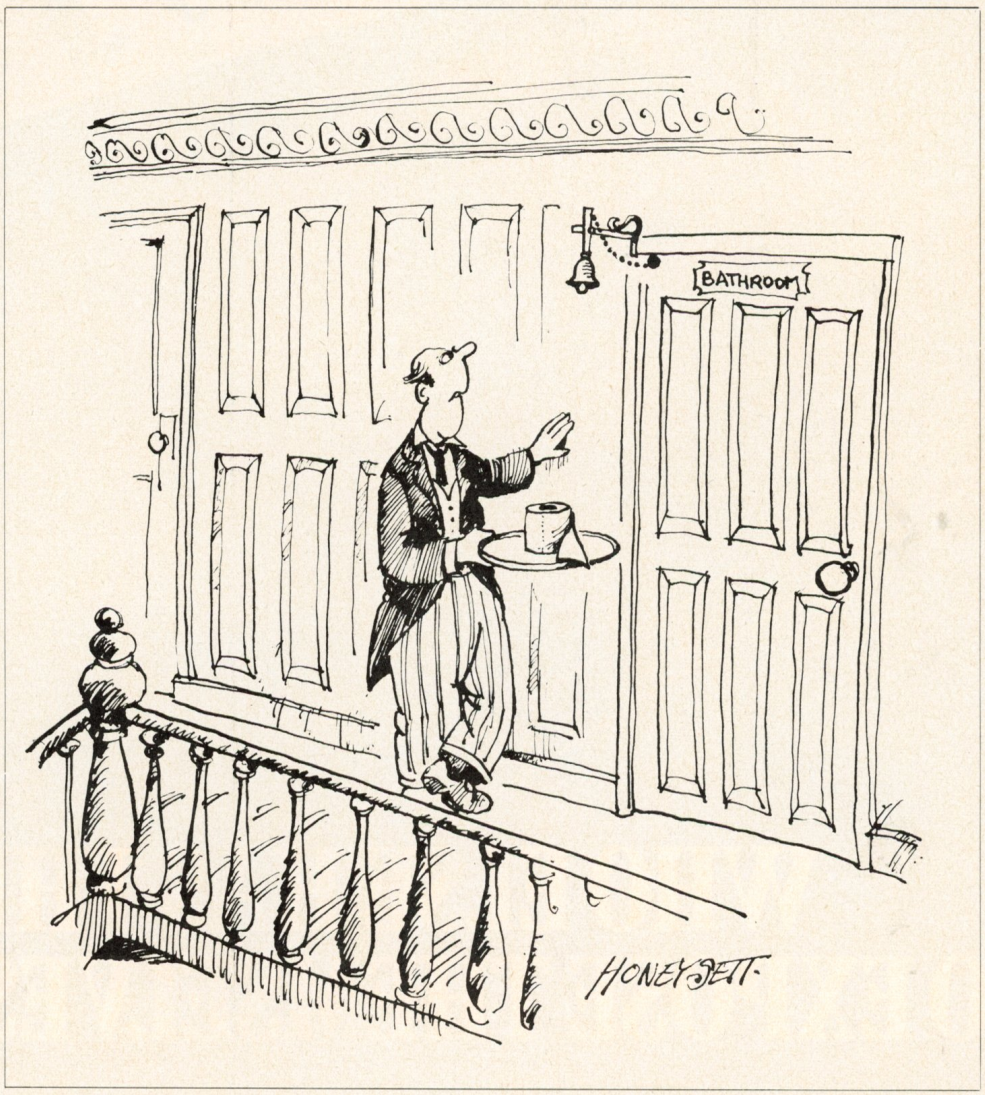
Panic! Dilys K tries to sit up, but one of them kisses her prone while the other half splits away, kneels at the foot of the bed, and hands locked against her knees, falls to and feasts on the swollen cleft like a starving nomad at a banquet.

Reassured, for it is manifestly a mouth ravaging her, a tongue bouncing and carving and laving her clitoris, Dilys K gives herself up to simultaneous kisses from the twin mouths of The Twins.

Much later, for they are deliberate tacticians, whimsically merciless to their bedroom prisoner, coaxing her to a threshold and then drawing her back, Conrad exchanging places with Paul, Paul with Conrad, Dilys K flings an arm across her eyes, her torso flushing, her face red, and groans, toes curling.

She does not see them go. The £20 note, smoothed out and neatly squared on the bedside table, is the sole evidence of their campaign and victory. That, and the undersheet, which sheepish Dilys had to launder

turn to page 82



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The Entrapment and Downfall of Dilys K

continued from page 35

in stages, in the washbasin, and dry during the night with the heat of her body.

The next morning, The Twins are courteous and distant as ever, disappearing after breakfast and not appearing until Mr Matrix arrives at seven pm. They spend a little time with him. Impatient to speak to her employer, Dilys K is delighted when he dismisses The Twins within an hour.

Dilys K knows, implicity, that The Twins will abide by their bargain and trouble her no more. (The animal level of her being is not ashamed to regret the fact; at one stage, when both dark, avid heads found a home between her strained and splayed thighs, two tongues plying their wicked trade, she had known blinding ecstasy.)

But she cannot remain there with them. The fact that they *can* observe their vow, that there is a vow in the first place, makes Dilys cringe.

She goes to Matrix's study. His head is on one side as he demands: 'Why must you leave? The understanding was that you would stay until the end of the month.'

Dilys K tells lies about personal business.

Matrix opens a drawer and removes a sheaf of muddy-looking photographs. 'Badly exposed, in poor light,' he comments, antiseptically. 'Conrad took them. But you will deduce that, since Paul is your partner in these studies.'

Numbly, Dilys K sees a white sword of thigh poised Damoclean fashion over Paul's machine-tooled profile: a young satyr rooting at the fleshly trough. Another: her pubic hair lying flat and saliva-darkened from its natural blondeness, swallowing three fingers of Paul's busy hand. She can detect Conrad's shadow across her belly.

'But they *promised*,' she wailed.

Mr Matrix's eyes grind out anger-sparks. The family honour has been challenged. 'They promised to pleasure themselves with you, once and once alone. And they did.'

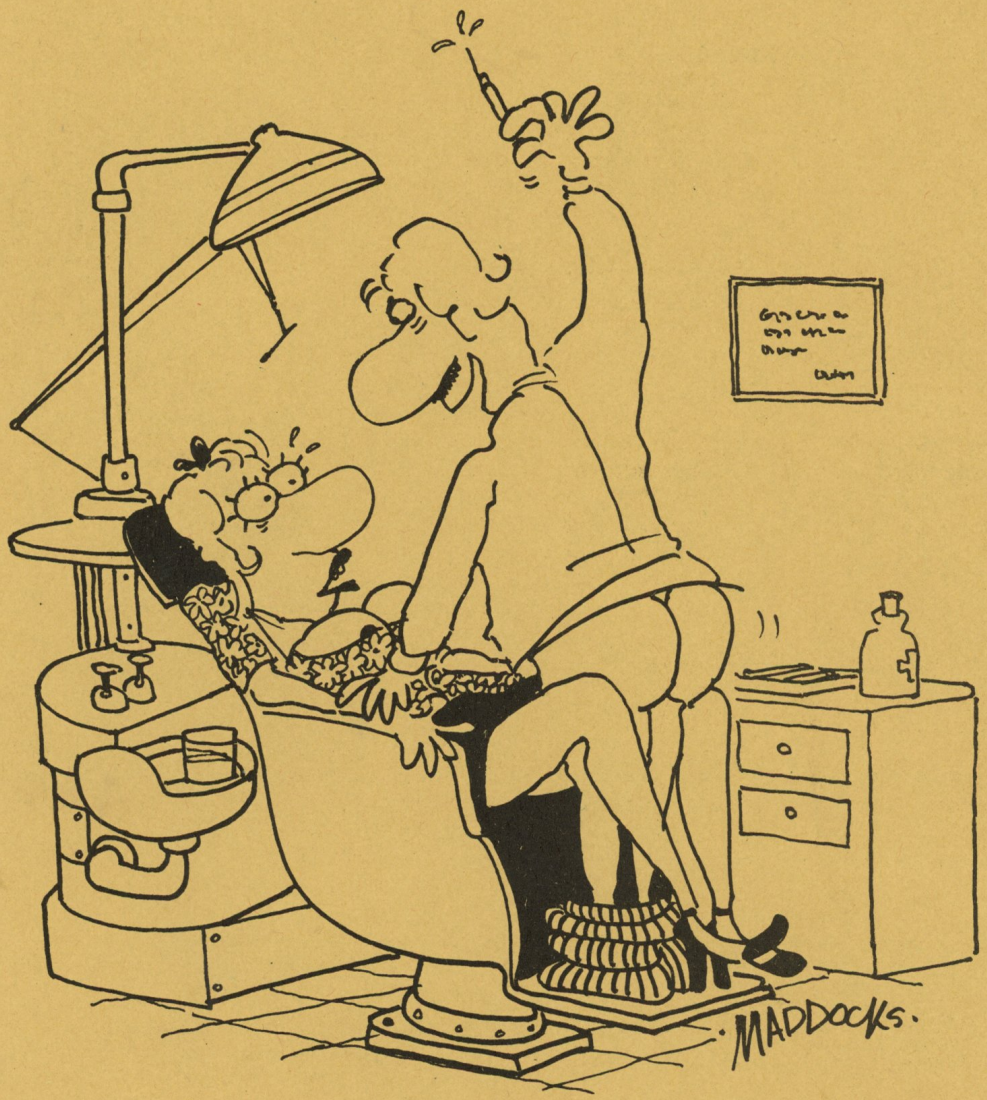
He twitches the photographs out of her grasp, slides them into the drawer, locks the drawer. 'The word they gave you did not allow for . . . um . . . consequences. Such as these photographs, which I need hardly say would cause pain and grave concern to your parents.'

Matrix stands up and looks at Dilys K. 'My sons give me good reports of you, my dear. They say that you are unschooled and still extremely European in your ways. But what you lack in sexual finesse you make up for in enthusiasm.'

Dilys K looks at the black-moss fingers, and backs away. Matrix soothes her. 'As with my sons, the agreement is for one occasion, and you will be well paid. Not to mention educated. Your husband, when you find one, will have cause for gratitude to me. And,' he tapped the desk, 'you have no choice. The photographs and negatives become your property in the morning.'

Staring at him, Dilys K whines, 'Why did they do this to me, The Twins?'

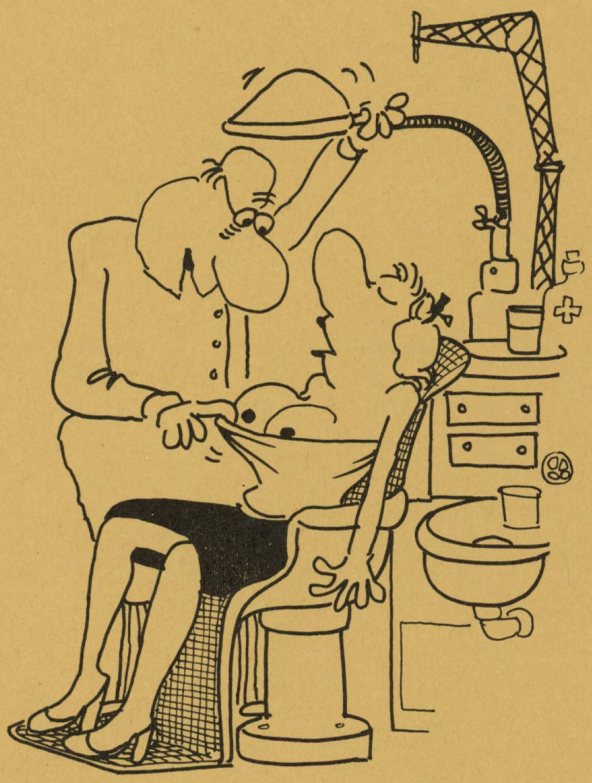
Matrix is surprised, even offended. 'Why? They are good sons. Today is my birthday. They desired a seemly gift.'



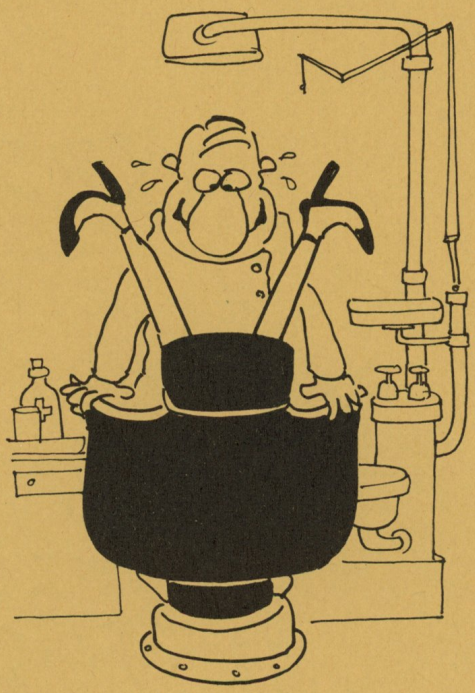
'Now lay well back and relax until you feel a little prick . . .'

TOOTH COMPANY

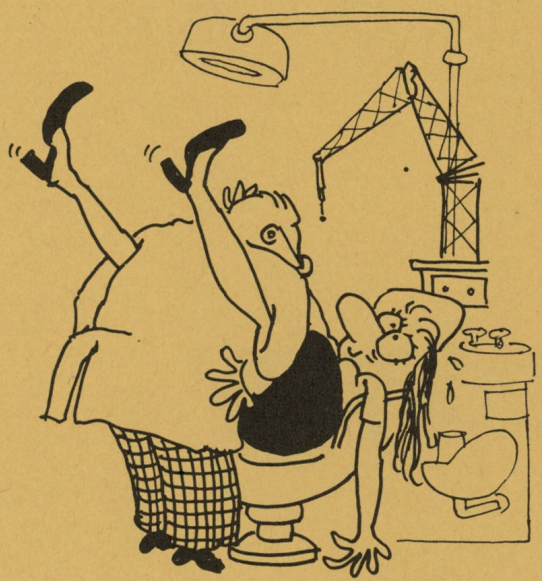
When it comes to filling cavities, cartoonist Peter Maddocks bawdily suggests that dentists know their drill



'Oh yes – these two at the front will have to come out.'

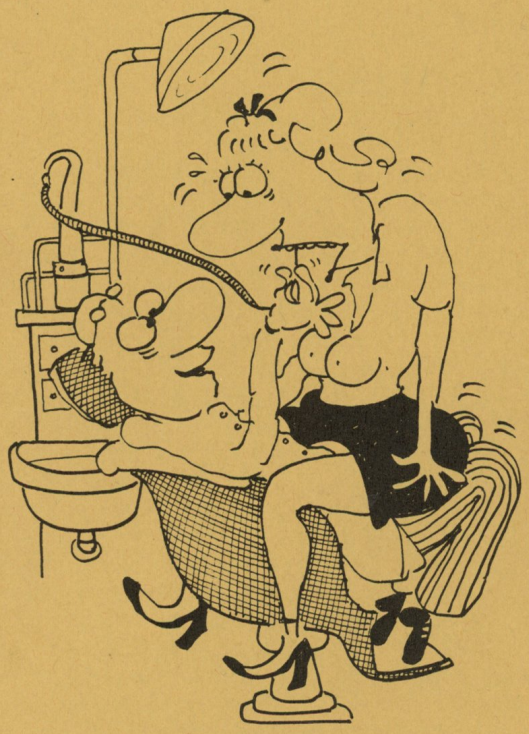


'That's it now – open wide.'

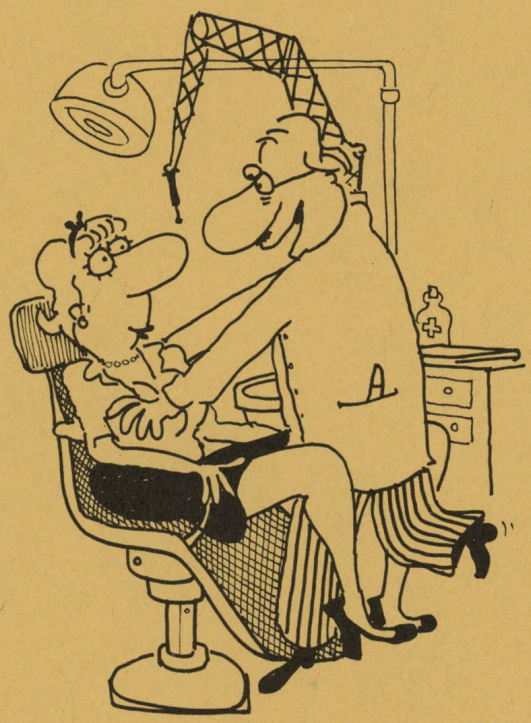


'There – isn't that better than that nasty old needle?'

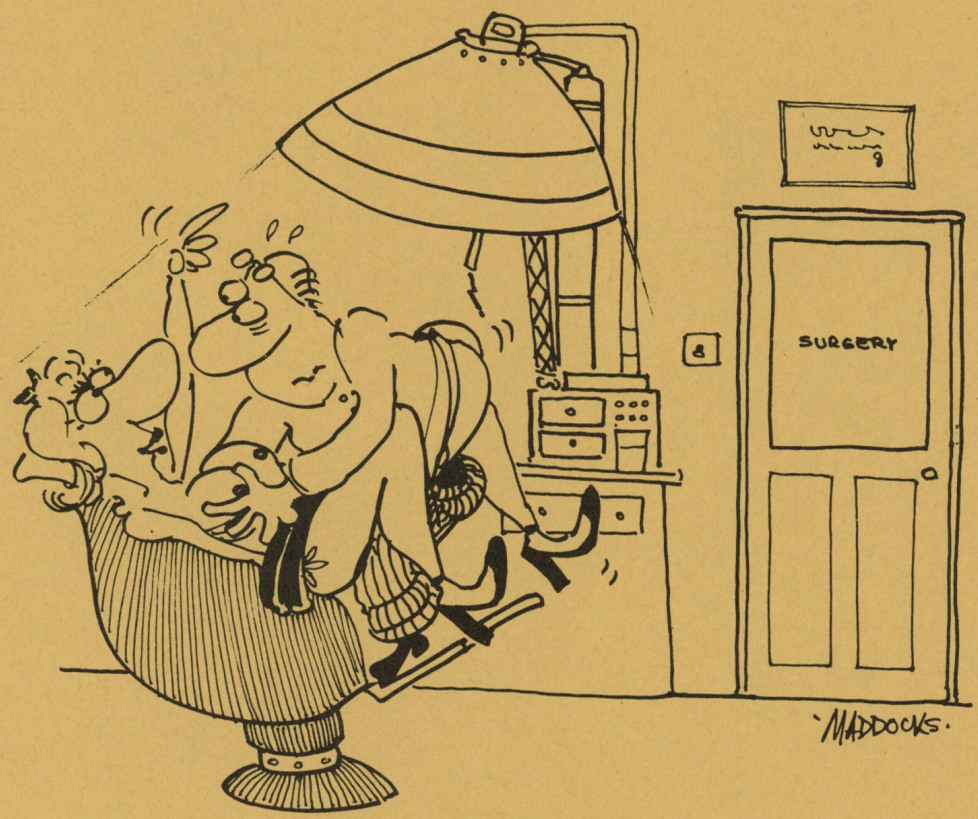
'Take a firm grip onto that, my dear, and then lay back with your mouth open wide . . .'



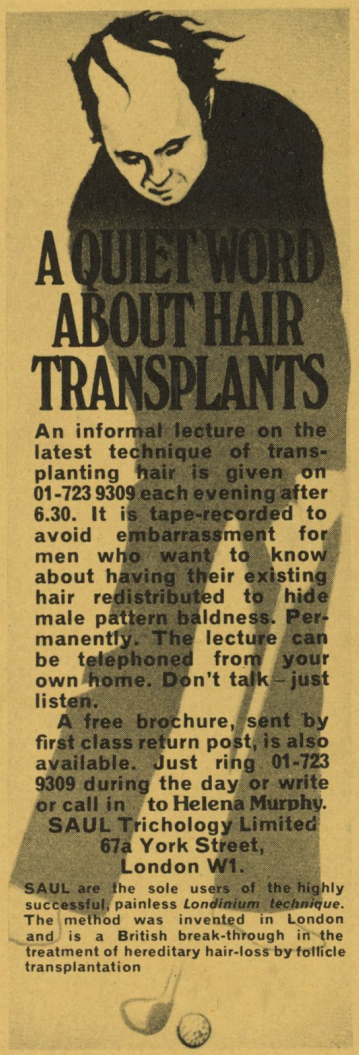
'Now, my dear, if I jig up and down like this . . .'



'Shall we toss up to see which cavity I fill first?'



'Light.'



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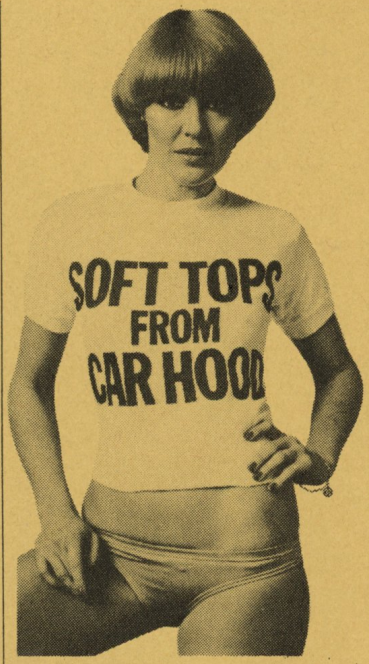

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BOOKS

Arthur Pottersman

I once had a lady friend whose every desire I could satisfy – but one. ('Boasting again?' asked the actress, when she was invited up to see the bishopric.) Well, I promise you, that's how it really was. As we bade each other tender *adieux*, she would muse on it. As we panted in each other's arms, she would refer to it. As we parted with the slightest 'plop' of air re-entering a vacuum, she would touch on it.

'If only,' this most delightful of bed-mates would say. 'If only,' she would pucker her upper lips to say, giving the most amazing twists to her nether lips all the while.

'If only *what*,' I would ejaculate?

'If only I could unscrew it at the root, and keep it with me when you're not here.'

You can imagine the effect of that kind of talk on an impressionable lad. Electrifying, if not actually battery-operated. And, like I say, that was her one desire I never satisfied. (Can you imagine the complications, if she could have, and kept it, and refused to give it back . . . and one night my wife wanted it?)

Next best thing, I have discovered, is in the erotic fantasy world of **Astra and Flondrix,** a curious tale of quivering quims and deep diving rods (Allen Lane, £3.50).

I think it's rather splendid to discover that love can still be enchanted and find physical expression in a hard commercial world. On the other hand, if you were equipped with two turgid glistening columns, one tipped in vermilion, the other in purest silver, designed to extract the greatest possible mutual pleasure by penetrating your mate as deep as the back of her Linda Lovelace-like throat *from below*, wouldn't you find love somewhat enchanted, too?

But to begin at the beginning: There was once a horny king who was unlucky enough to fall in love with the High Princess of Elf-land. It all took place in a darkened wood. In one ball-shattering instant, the king caught sight of a beautiful naked woman, tall and slender as she leaned against a tree. Her vermilion-tipped breasts flashed and twinkled in the murky forest glade. Even the small triangle of hair at the cleft of her legs was tipped with reddish golden flames.

The trouble with being overwhelmed by an Elf Princess, is that she is invariably distinctly underwhelmed. It took a great deal of complicated negotiation to get the fair creature anywhere near the royal palace, let alone into the royal bedroom. And the only way the monarch could get her to succumb to his phallic will was, to put no finer point upon it, to get her sloshed.

You know how in fairy-tales, where knights are always chivalrous and maidens unutterably decorous, where the only evil monsters are fiery dragons and never a hand is raised in lechery or a lady's hem in lust, such a tormented royal sire would enlist the aid of magical powers to achieve his romantic, lovelorn end.

Well, in this story, the king gets the girl drunk.

And that's where his troubles really begin. For he doesn't know that every Elf (especially Princesses and Princes) have a magic button at the very tip of the base of the spine. Press the right spot, and it's like an 'Open Sesame' to all the delights this magazine has ever invited you to dream of.

Well, like I say, the king got the girl drunk. He got her onto his bed, and he also got her undressed. He got himself undressed, too, and he felt his engorged penis slam into his abdomen as though he were a rutting horse.

'Kneeling close beside her, he slowly drew his face and short black beard upwards from her petite toes to her knees and thighs, drinking in the delicious scent of her glowing skin. His lips coursed over her hips, for the moment avoiding the cup of joy, to thrill at the splendour of the small but fully upturned breasts. He hungrily gathered the nearest sparkling vermilion nipple into his mouth and a shock ran up and down his spine, turning his blood into a torrent of flaming molten metal. A strange and delirious liquid filled his mouth, affecting every nerve and cell in his body. His penis crackled like a charge of lightning.

Hungrily, the king sought the cavern of absolute delight, first with his lips, ramming his

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tongue (as he fondly hoped) home. Then with his fingers. Finally, he brought a candle to the bedside, and sought and sought . . . Nothing.

Like I say, he didn't know he had to press the button-like protuberance at the base of the lady's spine.

Aching, almost maddened with frustration, he sighed brokenly – then saw her parted lips and invitingly-arched neck. Choking with frustration, the king touched those lovely lips with butter and thrust his enraged penis at her half-opened mouth.

'The explosion came as it had never come before.'

Now that, you see, is just how Elf children are conceived (only the king never knew that). So when the furious princess gave birth, the luckless child was dumped upon a simple old shepherdess miles away from the royal palace. Here he learned such useful trades as how to help the lady effect congress with a ram. (I've heard of the prince of whales, but this is ridiculous.)

Then one day he meets his true Elf-love (she's another royal princess, but as he's elvan too, their love is legit, like.) She introduces him to her own double equipment – two luscious vulvas and twin clitorii, with a vagina for each:

'She held herself high for a few seconds, feeling her whole body shudder as his hips bucked and elevated, sending his shafts into her. Down and down she pressed, trying to get the last fraction of him inside her. She reached under his buttocks and pulled him up with all her strength.'

Now it turns out that for various elvish purposes that need not detain us here, it's absolutely vital for the lad's twin spires to enter fully what are known as the lady's 'singing rins', actually in her throat. So at the very last moment, realizing that they're not going to make it thataway, the heroic princess hurls herself down upon the twin shafts – but this time, mouth first.

And the question I've been asking ever since I read that scene is: in order to practise that technique, do elvan princesses have to be bi-lingual?

So far, all my garden gnomes have done in reply is sit and stare and say nowt, as the birds and the bees flutter, frolic and frisk all about. But one has got a smirk in his eye and the other is gloating.

FILMS

Gerald Cole

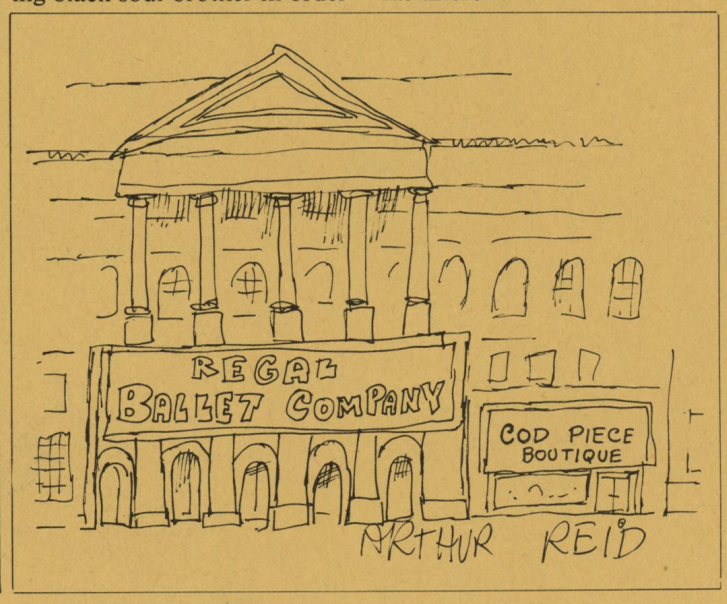
*****A Classic, ****Excellent, ***Good, **Average, *Boring ♡♡♡♡♡An Erotic Classic, ♡♡♡♡Highly Arousing, ♡♡♡Titillating, ♡♡Limp, ♡No discernable sex content

***♡♡**Silver Streak** (A) 1 hr 53 mins. It's perhaps a sign of the times that whereas in past years films selected for the Royal Film Performance tended to be rather wet, simon-pure efforts, this year's offering is a rather raunchy comedy-thriller. Starring Gene Wilder, (of *Producers* and *Young Frankenstein* fame), hip black comedian Richard Pryor and a lady of incredible sensuality called Jill Clayburgh who unfortunately remains clothed throughout, the plot concerns murder, intrigue and international art forgeries, the whole liberally spiced with moments of genuine wit and set aboard the Silver Streak, a plush train running between Los Angeles and Chicago. The film's main fault is the at times rather leaden direction of Arthur Hiller: twenty minutes shaved off the running length might have made for a tighter, funnier end product. Even so, there is much to savour. When, for example, did you last see a film hero elucidating on methods of growing nasturtiums and begonias whilst apparently getting a blow-job? Wilder and Pryor make an admirable duo; the latter's attempt to make-up and then pass off the former as a swinging black soul-brother in order to get past a police checkpoint being arguably the film's funniest set-piece. And a word on the movie's climax. Without wanting to spoil it for you, it is – quite literally – smashing. I can't imagine that Chicago Railroad Terminal, or for that matter a large area of 20th Century Fox's studios, will ever be the same again. I don't doubt the assembled royal persons will have come away from *Silver Streak* chuckling; but I wonder what their reaction was to the numerous undeleted expletives.

****♡♡**Cross of Iron** (X) 2 hrs 4 mins. Mud, blood and bullets on the back steppes of World War Two Russia. Violence-minded director Sam Peckinpah gives a German view of the appalling Russian front, with James Coburn as a born survivor and Maximillian Schell his commander, bent on winning the *Wehrmacht's* highest award. With telling insight into wartime *kameraderie*, it's gripping and realistic; in fact *Cross of Iron* is superb action cinema.

***♡♡**The Eagle Has Landed** (A), 2 hrs 15 mins. A necessarily muffed Nazi attempt to kidnap Winston Churchill, led by 'good' German, Michael Caine. Entertaining but unmistakable hokum after the rigours of *Cross of Iron*.

***♡♡**The Last Tycoon** (AA), 2 hrs 4 mins. Slow-paced picture of 1930s Hollywood from Scott Fitzgerald's last, unfinished novel. Robert (*Taxi Driver*) De Niro is a youthful movie mogul much obsessed with reluctant starlet Ingrid Boulting, whose luminous beauty, clothed and unclothed – for a spot of seaside love-making – more than justifies his interest.



DISCS

Peter Hopkin

When John Stevens, the internationally famous jazz drummer and his new group Away appeared on BBC TV's *The Old Grey Whistle Test* they got more response than any other group except Focus. The music they played was basically jazz with the addition of a funky electric bass and an extremely good and imaginative guitarist, David Cole, who manages to tastefully weave his electric rock patterns over the tremendously powerful bass and drums which are the core of the group. Stevens has become an outstanding figure in the world of jazz through his involvement with the Spontaneous Music Ensemble which he formed in 1966. The ideas John and his fellow musicians were working on with the SME are gradually becoming influential, as some recent recordings show. Throughout his time with SME John has worked with a constantly changing line-up in his efforts to find creative freedom.

Early in 1976 the first album from Away appeared – the outfit then splintered to be supplanted by the line-up on **Somewhere in Between** (Vertigo 6360 135).

A distinctive feature is the use of an electric and acoustic bass – Nick Stephens and Ron Herman respectively. There is an understanding and empathy between the two bass players and it is particularly noticeable on the opening to side two – 'Spirit of Peace.' The sound is spatial and there is a beautiful free instrumental rapport. 'Can't Explain', the vigorous opening track features the tenor sax of Robert Calvert, and the slow steady rhythm of 'Follow Me' provides a firm basis around which the musicians can wander freely.

'Chick-Boom' a lively track which ends with an amazing drum solo closes the first side – although the album is in fact a series of separate tracks the music flows through from beginning to end as though it were conceived as a whole. The music has naturally evolved out of areas John has explored with SME.

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NIGHTLIFE

Kenneth Dowd

Nightspots that are difficult to find intrigue people, so they say. And nightspots that are difficult to join are even more intriguing – so the new **Dial 9 Club,** hidden to the north of Oxford Street, under the discreet Montcalm Hotel in Great Cumberland Place, W1, must have a better chance of success than many. You can't find it and when you get there, you can't get in. So how come it appears to be full all the time?

The *cognoscente* around town are already inferring that the membership that goes there are all those people who cannot get into *Annabel's* or *Tramps*, whose membership lists have been closed for some time. Others are saying that the Hampstead crowd have made it their home as it is nearer than the *Barracuda*. Others are saying it is busy because it has the backing of Michael Caine of film fame; Michael Druitt of wine fame; Niki Kerman of Scott's Restaurant in Mount Street; and Richard Gautier who runs the discotheque and is already renowned in the discotheque field.

Whichever way you look at it, the club has a lot going for it: the curious name; the magnificent room, 150 feet long and in an interesting curve shape which enables you just to see from one end to the other but makes everybody lean forward to ensure that you do not miss anything that happens. A great deal of thought has gone into the planning of *Dial 9*. Richard Gautier gives an interesting account of how he selects the pretty girls who act as disc-jockeys, and the care that is also taken in the selection of music to make it different from the other leading discotheques in town. Certainly it is packed with experts who are leaders in their field.

Membership is meant to be closed already, so we won't give you details as we normally do.

Another place that would be difficult to find is the new extention which is shortly to be completed for **Les Ambassadeurs Club** in Hamilton Place, Park Lane, W1. John and Robert Mills have planned the most magnificent extension to their already fine premises, and the scheme of construction is such that the conservatory-style building will suddenly appear, almost overnight, to avoid inconveniencing members during preliminary work.

Les Ambassadeurs is not only difficult to find, but difficult to gain admittance to, and in fact there is a notice in the hall, discreetly framed, stating that members must not only wear suits, but dark suits, which should intimidate the suede jacket crowd. The club has always been very formal, and in fact casual dress would look out of place in the Rothschild Library, where the most magnificent handcarving can be observed in the fireplace alcove and on the walls.

Les Ambassadeurs must be considered impressive by any standards in the world, and when you walk in, the reception desk has not just one, but two uniformed receptionists, and a lady lurking discreetly in the background to whisk away your coat. As you stroll through the library room and lounges and walk into the restaurant, you will see the bar on the right has a row of *four* liveried bartenders waiting behind it, and all capable of serving the most exotic cocktails, or uncorking a rare selection of wines.

Should you dine, a discreet band plays subtly in the background in case you should wish to dance, and at the end of the meal your request for cigars is met with a pile of 20 boxes, and the backing of an enormous wooden cabinet with another vast selection awaiting the most discerning smoker.

Now, in the garden, we are going to see the ultimate construction of a crystal palace, which will make the club undoubtedly one of the most exclusive private clubs in the world.

Membership is strictly limited, and application forms available from the club, have to be submitted to a membership committee.

To much of the world of 1914 Kaiser Wilhelm II was a blood-soaked butcher. Yet the man who plunged Europe into the Great War was also fond of practical jokes, a passionate Anglophile and acutely conscious of a withered left arm

Kaiser Bill

By Ivor Smullen

Throughout the first World War one brief but vivid slogan was chanted repeatedly by British patriots: 'Hang the Kaiser!' Cartoonists, meantime, revelled in depicting the German emperor as a brutal figure with a spiked, Prussian helmet and an aggressive, spiked moustache. Yet the subject of these imprecations and caricatures remained more of a symbol of the enemy than a distinct personality in his own right.

Friedrich Wilhelm Viktor Albrecht von Hohenzollern, better known as William II, third Emperor of Germany and ninth King of Prussia, was, in fact, a strangely complex and almost schizophrenic figure. Even from birth, on January 27, 1859, (a grandson of our Queen Victoria) he was marked out as different from other children. The birth was a difficult one. And one impatient official who couldn't wait for a window to be opened, pushed his fist through it and announced to the crowd below: 'Children, we have a braw recruit!' He was wrong on two counts. The child was not yet born, and, when it did appear, it had a crippled left arm, which was never to grow to a normal size. The trouble affected the whole of his left side, and particularly his ear.

William's jackets had to be cut with a special sleeve, and strangers usually saw him with his withered left hand dug deep into his pocket. Since he could not manage ordinary eating tools, he usually ate with an odd implement, a combined knife and fork, which his bodyguard always carried. And despite his pride and rough temper he never objected if a diner next to him cut his food for him.

But this was probably his only concession to his disability, since, from an early age, although he underwent a great deal of painful treatment in the fruitless search for a cure, he insisted on being ruthless on himself. He swam, learned tennis from the daughter of a British ambassador, and trained himself to ride on a stirrupless pony, re-mounting stubbornly every time he fell off. King George V once remarked that the Kaiser 'shot remarkably well considering he had only one arm.' He had such a passion for exercise that he generally kept a rowing-machine in his bedroom. He also insisted on playing the piano.

Nonetheless, his physical defect was probably at the root of the nervous irritability, the quick and incomprehensible changes of mind, and the general instability that were often the despair of his closest confidants.

As a child he made his fractiousness embarrassingly evident. When, at the age of four, he went to England for the wedding of his Uncle Bertie (later King Edward VII), wearing a kilt, sporran and toy dirk, another uncle tried to stop him fidgeting during the ceremony. William responded by ripping the cairngorm off the dirk, flinging it across the aisle and biting the pernickety uncle on the leg. The British artist, William Frith, who was commissioned to paint the ceremony, later observed that 'of all the little Turks he (the Kaiser-to-be) is the worst.' William's own mother, Victoria, (daughter of Queen Victoria) admitted he was selfish and domineering and, when he was in his twenties, declared: 'This son has never really been mine.' Once she was said to have left the house when she saw him coming in through the front door.

Examples of the Kaiser's paranoia were legion. His first action on his accession to power was to surround his Palace with troops and prevent anyone, especially his mother, leaving till he or she had been searched, presumably for papers that might say nasty things about him. He once put his eldest son, the Crown Prince, under arrest for failing to attend an important banquet. A general who was chief of his military cabinet spent an ill-fated afternoon shooting with the Kaiser. In the course of conversation the general mentioned there was much discontent throughout the country. The Kaiser responded with such pointless rage that the general had a heart attack that evening and died. Even the war-time commander, Field-Marshal Hindenburg, was exposed to the Kaiser's displeasure. In 1911 Hindenburg was forced to retire temporarily from the army because he had 'captured' the Emperor during manoeuvres.

Modern psychologists would probably argue that it was over-compensation for his disability that led the Kaiser to grow up an intensely vain man. Because of his deformity his right arm became unusually developed, and he cultivated a vice-like handshake which he sadistically exploited by wearing rings turned so that the jewels came on the inside of his fingers. He was fond of bracelets, and usually wore a uniform, insisting on all his officers doing the same at all times (an unpopular move, since it made secret misbehaviour difficult). He was so fussy that he had the army uniforms altered 37 times in the first 16 years of his reign.

One story that he dressed as an admiral for a performance of *The Flying Dutchman* may have been a cabaret joke, but he certainly did don the uniform of an Engineers' general for a motor club dinner.

He further exposed himself to public ridicule by making a constant wartime companion of Herr Haby, the barber who spiked his moustache. He presented Haby with a uniform, a battery of assistants, and a noble award, the Cross of Jerusalem.

By dint of careful housekeeping, the Kaiser's grandfather, William I, managed to save 22 million marks. But only five months after assuming power, the new Emperor was demanding an extra six million marks a year. On foreign trips he took with him 80 diamond rings, 150 silver orders, 50 breastpins, three gold photograph frames, 30 gold watches and chains, 100 caskets and 20 diamond-set Orders of the Eagle. He ordered a new imperial train of 12 blue, cream and gold coaches, and a new yacht. Cabaret comics made punning jokes about '*der greise Kaiser, der weise Kaiser, und der reise Kaiser*' (William

ILLUSTRATION BY ART QUIGLEY

I, the grey-haired Kaiser; son Frederick III, the wise Kaiser; and William II, the travelling Kaiser).

Comedians also changed the imperial anthem's first words, '*Heil dir in Siegerkranz*' ('Hail to thee in conqueror's crown') to '*Heil dir in Sonderzug*' ('Hail to thee in special train').

In 1888 Chancellor Bismarck said: 'The Kaiser is a balloon. If you don't keep tight hold of the string, you never know where he'll be off to.' When Edward VII visited Marienbad during a difficult period in Anglo-German relations, he ignored strong hints that he should visit the Kaiser at Homburg. A German newspaper cartoon showed Edward pondering: 'How can I get to Marienbad without meeting my dear nephew? Flushing, Antwerp, Calais, Rouen, Madrid, Lisbon, Nice, Monaco – all extremely unsafe. Ha! I simply go to Berlin – then I'm sure not to meet him!'

The Kaiser was brought up in a society whose middle classes tended to exalt violence, lay undue stress on the virtues of an iron discipline, and despise all those who did not belong to the warrior caste. William's own acute sense of duty (which he so frequently failed to live up to) was probably instilled in him by his tutor, an austere Calvinist, who stayed with him until he was 20. The tutor, George Hinzpeter, would take the Prince, as he then was, to factories and mines, and see to it that, at the end of each visit, the young man would take off his hat to the person in charge and make a speech of thanks. Hinzpeter, who considered William a problem child, would also take him for walks and demand an opinion on everyone they met along the way. The tutor insisted that a king should never allow himself to be dominated by anyone else, even his responsible advisers. Small wonder that William became a man subject to making snap judgments.

At the age of 10 William received the commission of an army lieutenant. Five years later he underwent military training (though when he joined a students' club he was excused duelling). His experience, he later said, led him to believe that too much stress was laid, in general education, on the classics and other academic subjects, and too little on character formation. Perhaps this was because, scholastically, he was not all that bright, finding concentration immensely difficult: a failing that was to exasperate German war leaders during the 1914–18 conflict. Throughout his life his knowledge was wide – but superficial. He was insensitive to others and once so upset Bismarck that the latter slammed an ink-stand on his desk, splashing the Kaiser with its contents. William was also a poor judge of character, and it was perhaps ironic that his first public speech was in praise of a phoney general at a Cologne carnival.

When Bismarck asked Prince William's father to allow the young man to gain political insight by working for some months in the Foreign Office, Frederick declined on the grounds that William was too immature, inexperienced, overbearing and conceited for it to be safe for him to have anything to do with foreign affairs.

Certainly, immaturity was the Kaiser's trademark. There was something eminently childlike about him. Whenever he appeared in public he made a point, like a ham actor, of appearing as ferocious as possible. Only when out of sight of the masses did he allow his features to relax and soften.

When the famed actress, Sarah Bernhardt, was asked to describe how she had got along with him when they met, she replied, 'Splendidly, for aren't the two of us both troupers?'

The Kaiser cultivated a snarl, useful for such occasions as that when a doctor informed him he had a little cold. 'No,' said the petulant emperor, 'it's a big cold. Everything about me must be big.'

On the one hand, he hated to be asked questions; on the other, he believed that, as Kaiser, he was the beneficiary of divine guidance.

His favourite poem was Kipling's 'If', and when the author was ill, the Kaiser, with crashing naivety, wrote him a fan letter signed by 'an enthusiastic admirer of your incomparable works', a sentiment that must have puzzled Kipling in view of his many anti-German pieces.

Prone to abrupt and vigorous gestures, the Kaiser, who could not stand people he

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Left: first official Great War photograph of the Kaiser in field dress. Right: his withered left arm disguised in a warlord pose.

Kaiser Bill

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considered unduly serious, would laugh loudly at his own jokes, throwing back his head while his body shook like a jelly and he stamped one foot to emphasise how good the joke really was.

He had the impulsive sort of humour we would call Fourth Form, being given to pinching young men's cheeks, punching them, slapping people on the back with a tennis racket, or pushing over, from behind, elderly guests bent over doing the pre-breakfast exercises he made compulsory on his yacht.

He took a special delight in outraging people of stature. He once nearly sparked off an international incident when he pinched the King of Bulgaria's bottom, certainly not through any homosexual proclivities but simply because he enjoyed a spur-of-the-moment jape. When it happened, the King whipped round and demanded an apology. The Kaiser said that if the King couldn't take a joke, that was just too bad, and the King stormed out of the Palace. Recording the hushed-up incident in a private letter, one of the ladies at court, Princess Marie Radziwill, wrote: 'I really cannot understand how it is the Emperor hasn't learned that on the throne one can't retain the manner of a lieutenant in barracks.' The outcome was that the Bulgarian monarch cancelled a projected arms deal with Krupp's and transferred it to a French firm.

Punch's famous cartoon of the Kaiser sacking Chancellor Bismarck: 'Dropping the pilot.'

The Kaiser's infantility also inspired phrases of excruciating banality that might well have staggered his court. Obsessed with cleanliness, he once made the straight-faced declaration that 'what matters most is soap.'

Utterly tactless, he would say the first thing that came into his head. One of his Chancellors would blue-pencil irresponsible sections of his speeches before issuing them to the Press. On one occasion the Kaiser astonished the British Ambassador by referring to Victor Emmanuel, the King of Italy – a monarch small in height – as 'the dwarf', and the Queen (a prince's daughter) as 'a peasant girl' and 'the daughter of a cattle thief.' On a visit to Rome he took with him a number of tall court officials to emphasise the Italian king's shortness.

Ranting about Russia to a British statesman, he thundered: 'The Tsar is only fit to live in a country house and grow turnips . . . Of course the Russian grand dukes like Paris and a girl on each knee but there is no love between the two countries.' To the Tsar's suggestion that a treaty be signed between Germany, Russia and France, the Kaiser responded by calling France a 'republic of miserable civilians.' The Moroccans he once called 'unsexed relics of ethnic chaos left behind by Rome.' When the German Ambassador in Peking was killed during the Boxer Rebellion, the Kaiser made a wild speech to a would-be German relief force: 'Just as the Huns . . . created for themselves a thousand years ago a name which men still respect, you should give the name of German such cause to be remembered in China for a thousand years that no Chinese, no matter whether his eyes be slit or not, will dare to look a German in the face.' It was this tirade that years later led his British wartime enemies to assume that the Huns (in fact, a Mongol people) were ancestors of the Germans. The nickname stuck throughout the war.

When England and France signed their *Entente* the Kaiser became exceedingly nervous. In an attempt to improve Anglo-German relations, Edward VII went to the Kiel regatta. Unfortunately, the Kaiser, whose overweening ambition was to create a great German fleet, was somewhat put out when Uncle Bertie said, 'Yes, yes, I know – you've always been fond of yachting.'

Like many people insensitive to the feelings of others, the Kaiser often succumbed to incredible self-pity. Once, in the middle of an interminable series of complaints that he was always misunderstood and nobody ever told him the truth, he managed to work up a tear, which plopped disconcertingly onto his cigar.

Under pressure, his facial muscles would twitch, his speech would become jerky, and he would hover on the edge of nervous collapse. The strain of forcing himself to act in a crisis would bring on attacks of acute neuralgia, giddiness and shivering, especially in the last year of the war.

In 1908, when relations between Germany

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Kaiser Bill

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and Russia were rather touchy, Princess Radziwill wrote in one of her letters: 'The Emperor is in a great state. He knows quite well things are going very badly but what he does not realise is that if he lets his nerve go all to pieces that won't cure anything. From morning till night he's on the move, his motor car goes up and down the Linden twenty times a day . . . he talks without stopping, likes to surprise people by suddenly coming on them, laughs in great outbursts, doesn't give himself time to work, keeps everyone on the *qui vive*, and suddenly dimisses several officers, ministers, servants, nobody knows why.'

During a later crisis the Princess confided: 'I wish he had more civic courage. He only goes out in his motor car which careers at full speed and he crouches in the back so as not to be seen. He shows himself to no one and he has forbidden the Court Circular to appear in the papers, so the public don't hear their Sovereign mentioned any longer . . .'

The Kaiser's wife, Dona, was a plain and boring woman. Whenever he referred to her in his diaries, Admiral Georg von Müller, chief of the wartime naval cabinet, did so to the accompaniment of the literary equivalent of a heavy groan.

There were many who simply could not understand how the Kaiser could have married a woman who rarely read a newspaper and had little idea what was happening in politics.

The truth was that, though she was no beauty, she did satisfy the Kaiser's reputedly immense sexual appetites extraordinarily well (giving him six sons and a daughter along the way). Another point in her favour was that she did her best to keep him calm. On his desk she deposited a lampshade on which she painted in blue letters the warning: 'The real conqueror is the man who can conquer himself.'

Though many people would have enjoyed catching him out in an indiscretion, no evidence was ever found of the curly-haired Kaiser (with thick red lips and yellow teeth) being unfaithful. Rumours spread about his relationship with the Countess von Waldersee, the American wife of a German general. But these were all the product of wishful thinking on the part of ill-wishers. He admittedly fell under her spell, but it was a strictly platonic (even maternal) one, in the course of which she steered him away from such habits as predilections for cigars, bad language and dirty pictures.

Far from taking a mistress, William was a somewhat prim sort of character. When he went to a stag party as a young Prince, he stood disapprovingly outside the door when a music-hall entertainer became, in his view. too suggestive. On hearing that members of an officers' mess had gone to a wild party he put them under house arrest (and their regiment thus out of action) for a fortnight.

Throughout most of his life the Kaiser had a love-hate relationship with the English, whose ideals and habits he always respected. He called Edward VII 'an old peacock' and 'a Satan', and Queen Victoria 'the old hag', yet was deeply offended when she declined to invite him to her 80th birthday celebrations. He sent his yacht to compete at Cowes and it won. But, still smarting over what he considered the birthday snub, he wired the Royal Yacht Squadron the next morning: 'Your handicaps are appalling.' Edward sighed. 'He really drives one,' Uncle Bertie confessed, 'to despair.' But when William heard that Victoria was dying, he rushed to Osborne, her Isle of Wight residence, and held the frail old lady in his arms. It was he and his uncle who together lifted her into her coffin. The Kaiser visited Britain often, claiming he was her only friend on the Continent.

Soon after becoming Emperor he was boasting of his 'good, stubborn English blood.' During one period of cordiality he advised King Edward that motor cars ran best on potato spirit – and generously despatched some to England for a demonstration. But the time came when he was to accuse his uncle of being jealous every time he read of the Kaiser's doings in the newspapers, and of seeking ways to get even with his German nephew. He also claimed to be scandalised by the debts his uncle ran up and the 'looseness' of English high society, in which the randy Edward played a prominent part. One German official was told by the British Ambassador that if everything the Kaiser said had been reported to London, war would have broken out between the two countries on at least 20 occasions.

After retiring from the US Presidency, Theodore Roosevelt went on a European tour, met the Kaiser, and later wrote to an English peer: 'The Kaiser . . . I am confident, never postulates to himself such an idea as the conquest of England. This does not mean that I regard his attitude towards England as free from menace . . . I said to the Emperor that it seemed to me that a war between England and Germany would be an unspeakable calamity. He answered eagerly that he quite agreed with me, that such a war he regarded as unthinkable; and he continued: "I was brought up in England, very largely: I feel myself partly an Englishman. Next to Germany I care more for England than for any other country." Then with intense emphasis, "I ADORE ENGLAND!" . . . then continued to speak of England with a curious mixture of admiration and resentment.'

The Kaiser, said Roosevelt, seemed to feel that the English regarded the Germans as social inferiors, and he even paid attention to remarks made about him in London pubs.

In his early years the Kaiser had been subjected to the influence of the boozy, squeaky-voiced Bismarck, who continually urged on him the necessity of keeping England at arm's length. Perhaps this was why Roosevelt found himself reporting: 'He (the Kaiser) complained bitterly that King Edward had always been intriguing against Germany, and hated Germany.' Yet William spoke of George V in rather different terms, saying, "He is a very nice boy. He is a thorough Englishman and hates all foreigners; but I do not mind that at all, as long as he does not hate German more than other foreigners, and this I do not think he does. He is merely like other Englishmen and dislikes all people who are not Englishmen, and I don't object to that.'

The fear in which the Kaiser was held in

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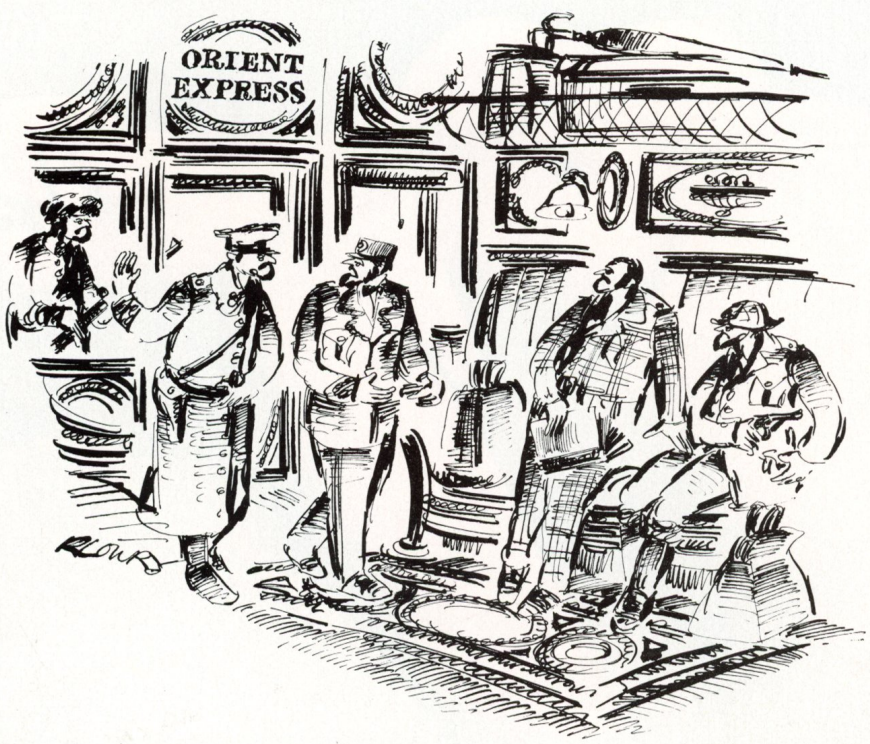

'It's just as I suspected, officer. They're travelling on two Bakerloo line tickets to Willesden Green!'

Kaiser Bill

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some quarters led to some ludicrous situations.

Once he mentioned in casual conversation that he was planning to lunch at a guest-house on an island in the lake at Hamburg. This was an inadvertent error. The house was, in fact, on a peninsula. But nobody dared to tell him this. So the Hamburg city fathers set to and built a pavilion on an artificial island in the lake, just for the lunch.

On another occasion the Kaiser told one of his Chancellors, Prince von Bülow, 'Your light trousers are enough to upset the best weather forecast.' The country's chief minister thereupon scuttled off to change.

At the drop of a hat the Kaiser would burst into senselessly bloodthirsty ravings. When his army was called out to deal with a tram-way strike, he wired the hope that 'at least 500 strikers will have been snuffed out by the time the troops return to barracks.'

He even singled out for special praise sentries who shot and killed members of the public who had not heeded the conventional warnings.

At a colonial exhibition he was shown an African king's house with the skulls of enemies stuck on poles outside. The Kaiser, who had frequent disagreements with his politicians, enthused: 'If only I could see the Reichstag strung up like that.'

Yet, oddly enough, when the war broke out, he was not among those brimming with confidence of victory. He had, indeed, tried to prevent the conflagration by means of a telegram to George V.

But he was too late. War came and the Kaiser finished up sleeping in a bombproof bedroom, while rumours spread that he had been seen in the corners of churches all over the Rhineland, praying and weeping. He also virtually stopped eating.

Strolling in his garden, a few days after the war's outbreak, with a general and an admiral, the gloomy Kaiser, who had no real friends, finally parked himself on a bench and said, 'Sit down, both of you.' Since the bench was rather small, the two officers trotted off to fetch another. The Kaiser was dismayed. 'Am I already such a figure of contempt,' he asked, 'that no one wants to sit next to me?'

If he ever had any doubts about the final outcome of the war, he had to conceal them in public. Thus, after a visit to the Western front, he could be heard shouting from his train window to a stationmaster: 'The battle is won! The English have been utterly defeated!'

He told Admiral von Müller that on a visit to Flanders he had been shocked by the brutality of his own troops, who were making no effort to help badly-wounded English soldiers. He personally saw to it, he claimed, that the wounded men were bandaged and carried down the line.

But despite his sporadic visits to the front, he irritated his commanders by the time he wasted on card parties (he usually lost) and stag hunting, particularly during worrisome crises. They were also angry that, as in peacetime, he rarely set foot in Berlin, his own capital. Just after the German army's blackest day in August, 1918, he spent an evening reading out to all those present an article on the deciphering of the Hittite language (one of his more obscure interests).

During the last bitter days of the war there were demands among revolutionary elements of his own people that he should be hanged. On November 9, 1918, he abdicated, on the insistence of his newly-appointed Chancellor, Prince Max of Baden (an earlier victim of one of his bottom-pinching escapades). He fled to Holland, and at first there was talk in England of bringing him to trial. But the idea of holding him personally responsible for the war was soon regarded as absurd.

Shortly after his arrival in Holland, he was greeted with courtesy by a count who said, 'Let me take you to my castle.'

As their car slid through the castle gates in the pouring rain, the Kaiser turned to his host and said, 'Now give me a cup of good English tea.' And that was precisely what he got (along with Scotch scones).

Two years after the war, he acquired his own castle in the Dutch town of Doorn, and there he settled down after having furniture, books and pictures of his ancestors sent on from Germany.

From now on William (who had once said that he would rather live the life of an English country gentleman than anything else) became virtually a rural squire, sawing wood, developing a rose garden, and, in the evenings, penning his memoirs and reading P G Wodehouse.

In 1921 Dona died. The following year William received a letter of sympathy from a child, whom he promptly invited to the castle. Soon afterwards the exile, now 63, married the child's 35-year-old widowed mother.

He lived on to see the rise of the Nazis in his homeland. Hitler's persecution of the Jews in 1938 horrified him. 'For the first time,' he said, 'I am ashamed to be a German.'

The same year he startled Queen Mary by sending her a letter in indelible pencil expressing delight at premier Neville Chamberlain's apparent achievement in averting another war. The letter ended: 'I kiss your hand in respectful devotion as ever.'

But, once again, war came, and in its second year, the ex-Kaiser died, believing to the end that he had been unjustly maligned by the world.

In the German newspapers the old man's death was consigned – on the order of Propaganda Minister Goebbels – to the bottom of the page. And in this country his passing caused only a flutter of interest.

Britain now had far more pressing matters on hand than the passing of her forgotten enemy, Kaiser Bill.

The Kaiser, second from left, with staff on a visit to the front lines early in the war.

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

A firm of city stockbrokers had a number of junior and senior partners. One day the chairman summoned all the partners, in order of seniority, one by one, into his office.
The newest, junior partner watched nervously as one after one his colleagues emerged from the chairman's office red-faced and sweating.
The young executive was visibly nervous as the phone on his desk buzzed and the chairman asked him to step into his office for a moment.
'Ahh, Cawthorne, do have a seat,' beamed the chairman. 'There are a few questions I'd like to ask you.'
The young executive felt his cheeks go red as he eased himself into the chair and tried to think up excuses or explanations for the accusations he felt sure were about to be brandished his way.
'Do you know that pretty young redhead from the typing-pool?' asked the chairman.
First the small-talk thought the junior partner, then he'll accuse me of something or other. 'Yes, sir, I believe I do.'
'Have you noticed that she's got rather large breasts, thirty-eights, I believe?'
'I *had* noticed sir,' replied the junior of the two.
'Have you ever felt them?'
'I might have accidentally brushed past them in the lift, sir.'
'Have you ever taken her out?' continued the chairman.
'No, not really, sir. Though one lunchtime a crowd of us from the office went down to the pub, but I hardly said a word to her all the time.'
'Now, Cawthorne, bear with me for a minute or two. I have to ask you this, but have you ever had sexual intercourse with her?'
'Good gracious me, no, sir. I definitely haven't.'
'Good,' beamed the chairman, 'then you can be the one to fire her.'

A recently-bereaved woman, still grief stricken, was expounding the virtues of her late husband to a close lady friend for about the hundredth time.
'He was such a kind man,' she said, 'so generous and sympathetic. He never ever struck me, nor did he ever touch a hair – not a hair.'
'Remarkable man indeed,' sighed her friend, 'and what a marksman.'

In the heyday of the British raj in India a certain portly colonel was taking his daily bath, attended by his faithful batman, a native with the splendid name of Boodle.
After entering his bath, the colonel discovered, much to his annoyance, that he had no soap.
Boodle, as commanded, dutifully trotted off to fetch a new bar of soap but as he approached the door the colonel passed wind. Boodle stopped, nodded, said 'Ahh!' and then carried on his way.
A few moments later Boodle reappeared with the requisite bar of soap and a hot-water bottle.
'What the bloody hell's this then, Boodle?' screamed the colonel. 'I never asked for a damn hot water bottle.'
'Beg pardon, sir,' said Boodle, 'as I am going out door you are saying "But-what-about-a-water-bottle-Boodle".'

Which nine letter word starts with 'N' ends with 'N' means constipation?
'Nnnnnnnnn'.

An attractive middle-aged woman was having an intimate and frank discussion with her marriage guidance counsellor.
Describe the expression on your husband's face when you're having sex?'
'Well, yes,' replied the woman, 'it's sort of contorted with excitement, passion and lust usually, but once I remember when he looked very fierce and angry.'
'Oh really? When was that?'
'Oh, when he came home early and peeped in through the bedroom window.'

The couple had just moved into their new home which needed some redecoration. One Saturday while his wife was shopping, the husband varnished the old wooden loo seat, but forgot to mention it to his wife upon her return. A short time later found her stuck to the seat. The husband tried unsuccessfully to unstick his, by now, hysterical wife and decided to call in the doctor. Having unscrewed the seat from the toilet he led his wife into the bedroom where she lay face down on the bed.
'Isn't that something?' asked the husband of the doctor upon his arrival.
'Yes, it's certainly *something*,' said the doctor, 'but why such a cheap frame?'

What is the definition of indefinitely? When your balls start bouncing off her bottom – that's when you're in definitely.

The cocky young farm hand, enjoying his first night off the farm in a month and determined to give an air of sophistication and worldliness went into the bar of the best hotel in Norwich. Sitting at the bar with a drink in front of him he was attracted to a curvaceous blonde at the other end of the bar.
He asked the barman to get a drink for her but the barman, being a sympathetic fellow, whispered to the yokel that the girl was a Lesbian. The countryman would not be put off and he insisted the barman pour her the drink.
The yokel picked up his drink and sauntered up to the girl and sat down beside her. 'Hello moi dear,' he said, 'What part of Lesbia are you from?'

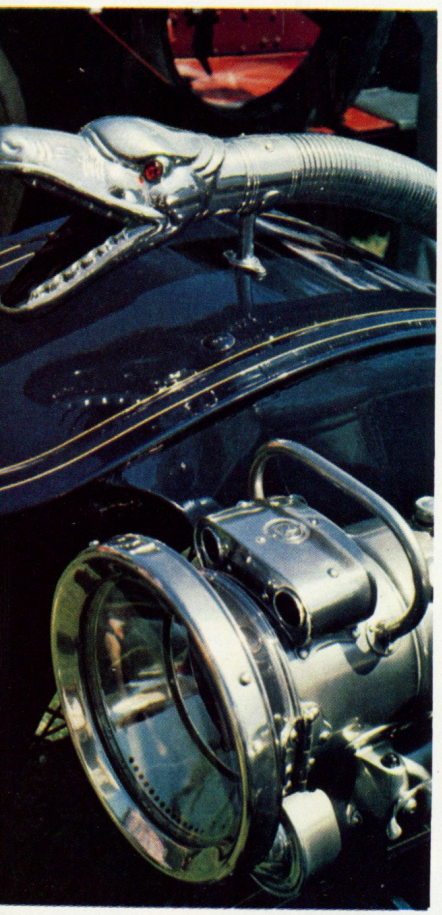
A bashful young fellow called Arden
Once boarded a bus with a hard-on,
And a lady nearby
Placed her hand in his fly
Without even begging his pardon.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final.

Upper-crusty Rolls

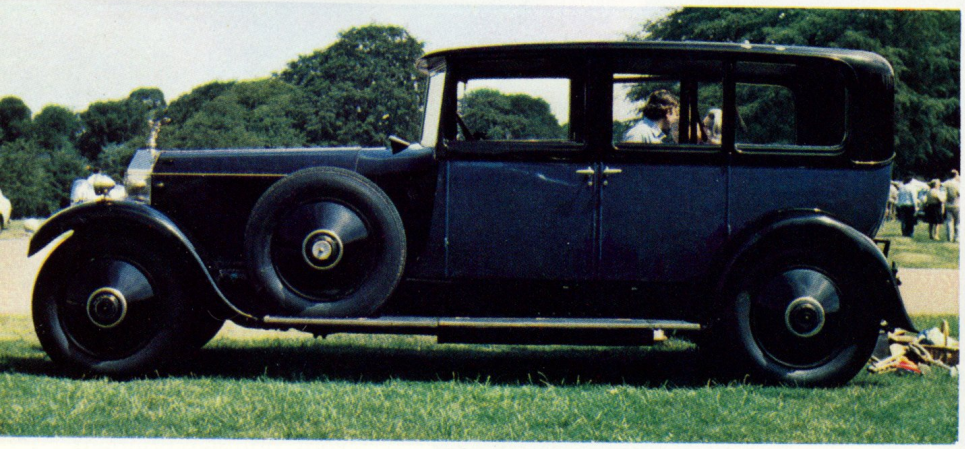
Motoring with William Boddy

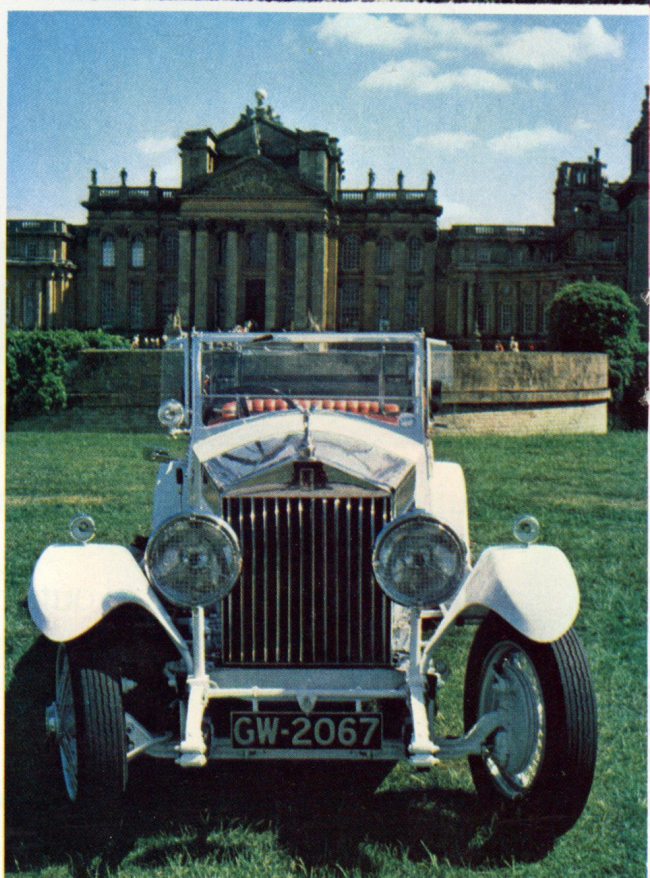
Photographed by Andrew Morland



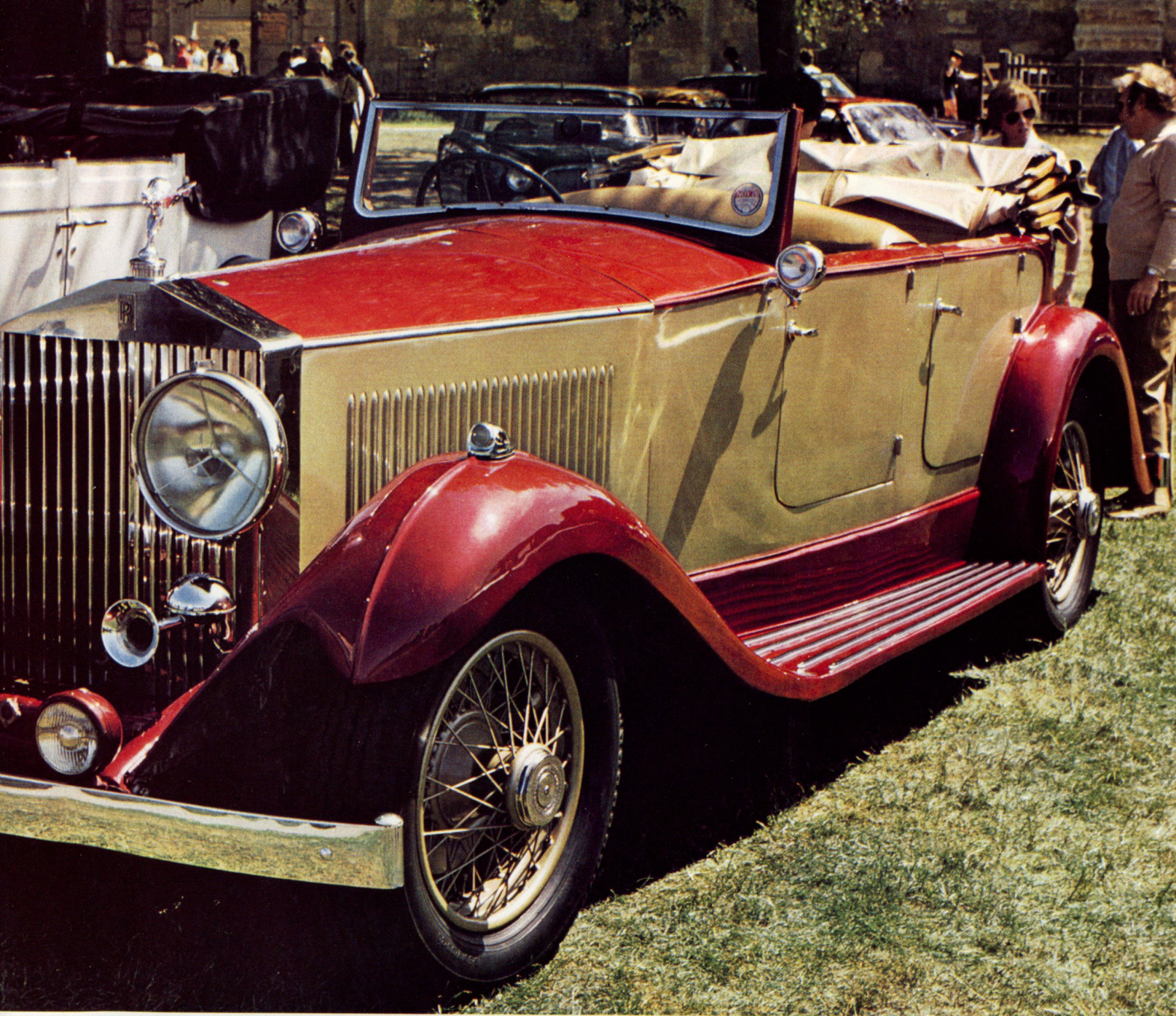
1977 marks the centenary of the birth of Charles Rolls whose early cars are more prized and polished today than ever before

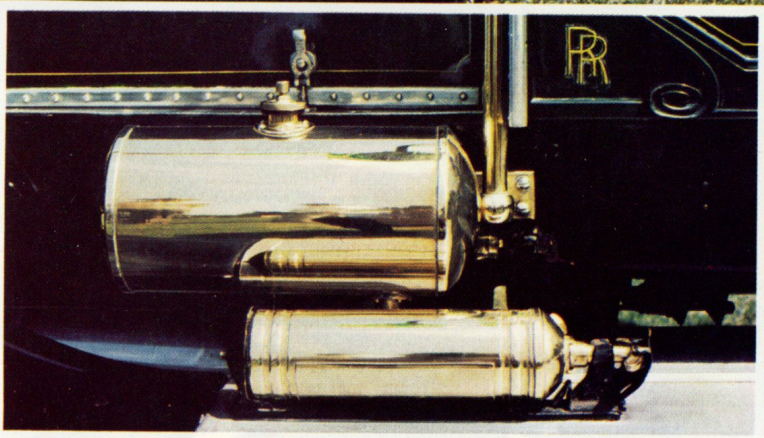
Rolls-Royce Ghosts and Phantoms. A formidable subject! I just hope I can give you a few interesting facts and anecdotes about these illustrious motorcars from long ago, not already featured in the innumerable books and magazine articles that have been devoted to them. The story of how Henry Royce, who from very humble newspaper-boy origins became a painstaking electrical engineer and cranemaker and how he couldn't abide the crude clatter of the early horseless carriages, and so perfected their mechanism in the guise of the twin-cylinder Royce of 1904, is well known. So is the romantic episode of that dashing, wealthy young man, the Hon Charlie Rolls, meeting Royce and persuading him that he was making motors which, like the proverbial mouse-trap, were so good that prospective purchasers would beat a path to the showrooms, dripping golden sovereigns

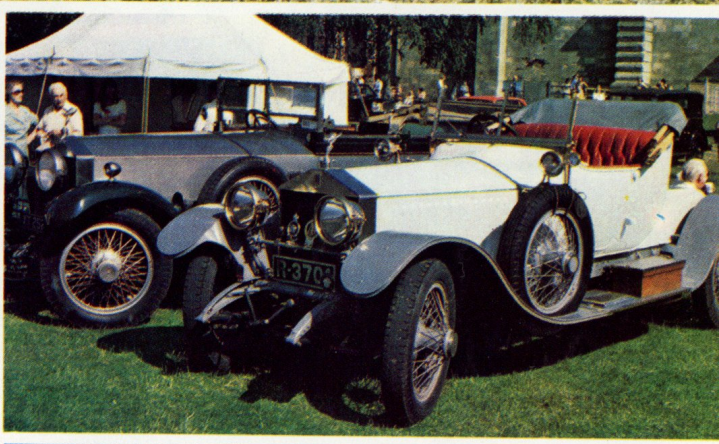




Main picture, above right: a 1929-35 Phantom II, four-door cabriolet. Above, top: Cobra bulb-horn and lamp from a 1911 Silver Ghost two-seater. Above: an early Phantom II. Right: a 1930 20/25 with a restored body. Right centre, top: brass oil lamp reservoir and hand-pump of a 1910 Silver Ghost tourer. Right, centre, bottom: a 1927, 20 hp Caffyn-bodied landaulette. Extreme right, top: a 1919 Franklin-bodied Silver Ghost tourer. Extreme right, bottom: the 1930 20/25 seen right.







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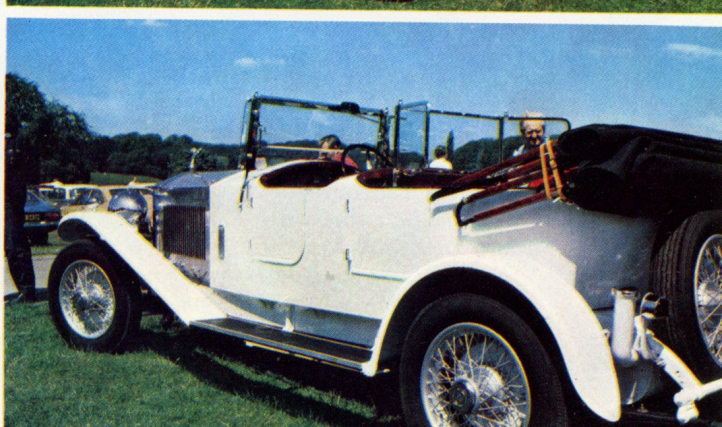

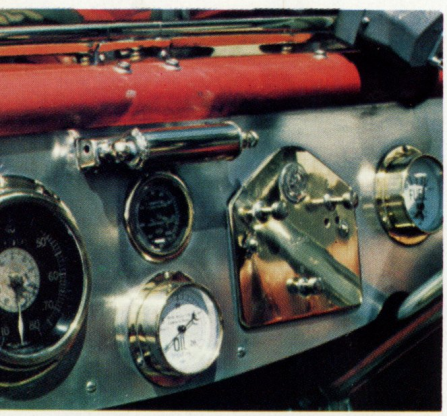

as they ran. Thus was born the renowned Rolls-Royce motorcar.

I suppose it would have been a success, anyway. But a great future was assured for it when the dynamic Claude Johnson took over R-R marketing and publicity. Between them Royce (Knighted much later for his aero-engine work that culminated in Britain winning the Battle of Britain), Rolls, and Johnson made the car they were associated with the Best in the World. Because the Rolls-Royce owns this unbeatable title there is a tendency to try to find

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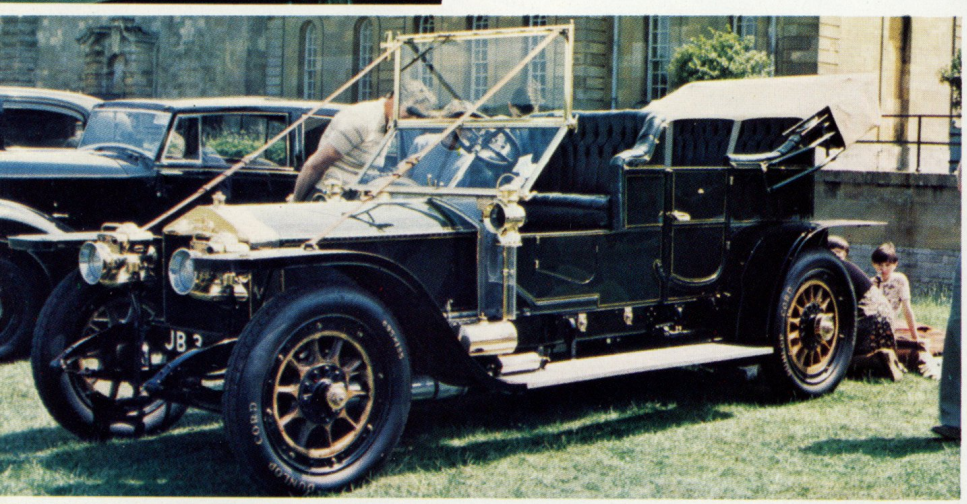
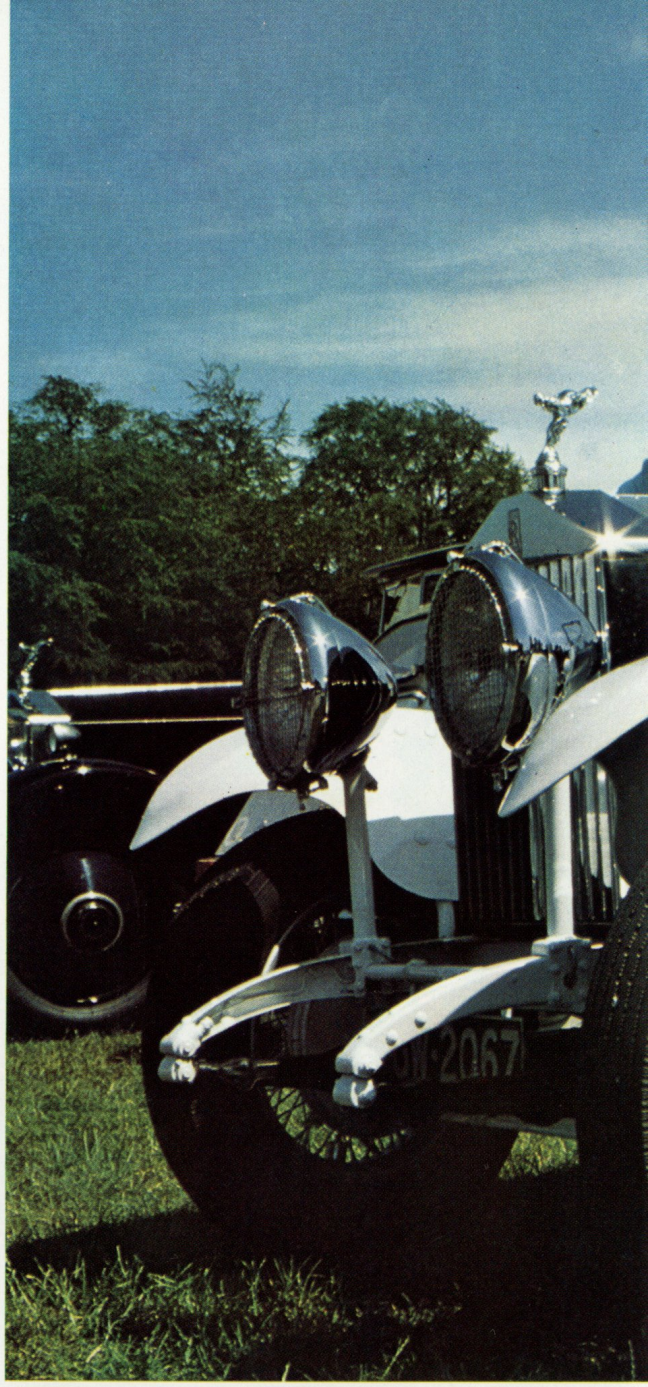
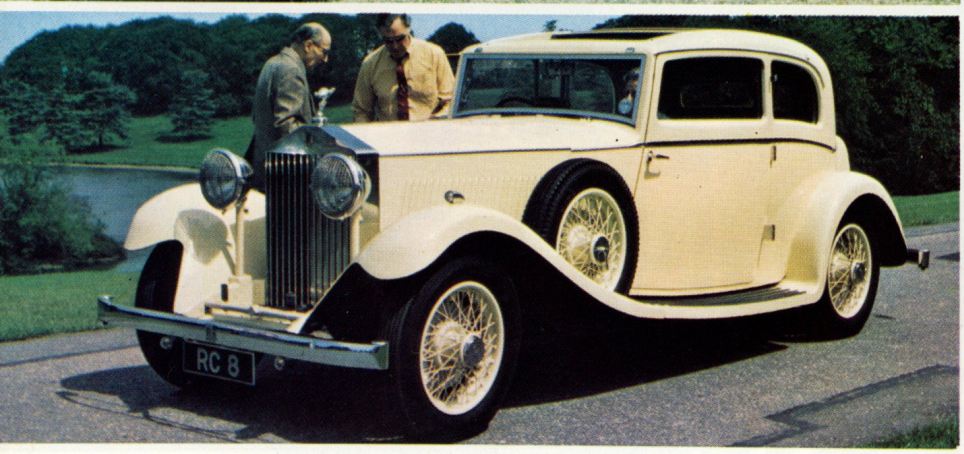
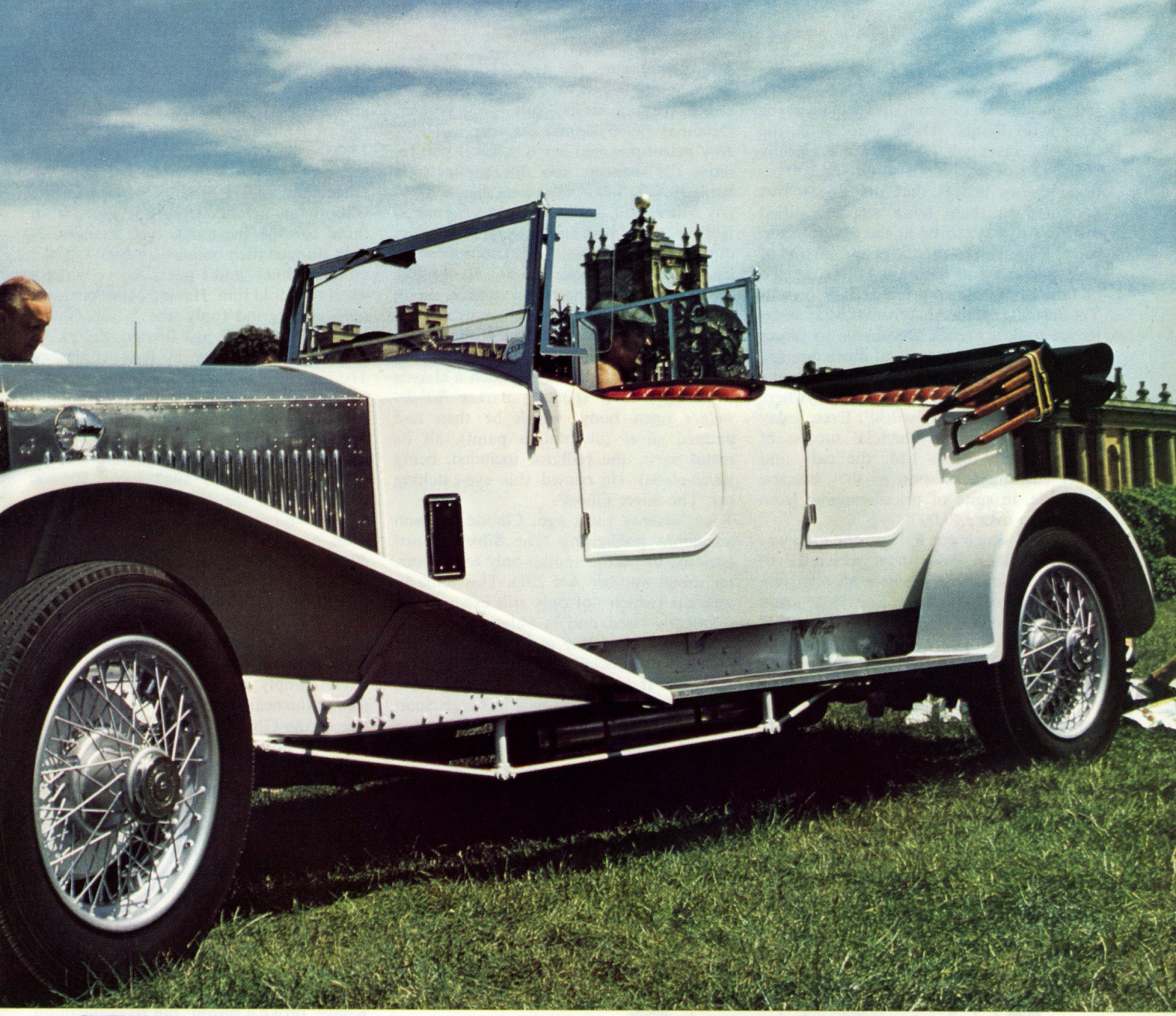






Main picture: the 1930-chassied 20/25 seen before. Above, top: dashboard of a 1919 Silver Ghost tourer. Above, centre: a 1910 Silver Ghost tourer. Above: a 1934 20/25 sports saloon with a Lancefield body. Right: wooden wheel. Right, centre top: unusual left hand drive Rolls. Right, centre, bottom: a 1933 Gurney Nutting 20/25 drop-head coupe (foreground). Far right, top: a 1934 Hooper-bodied 20/25 limousine. Far right, bottom: the Phantom II cabriolet seen before.



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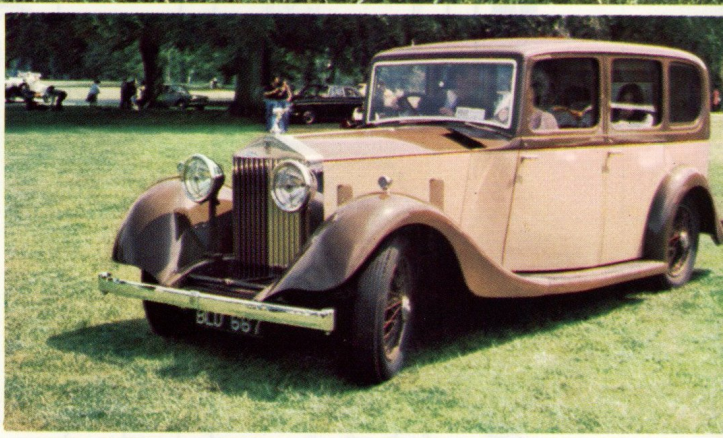
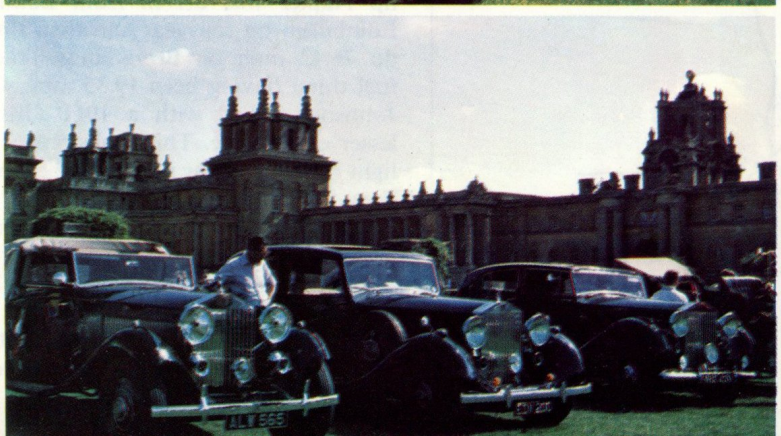
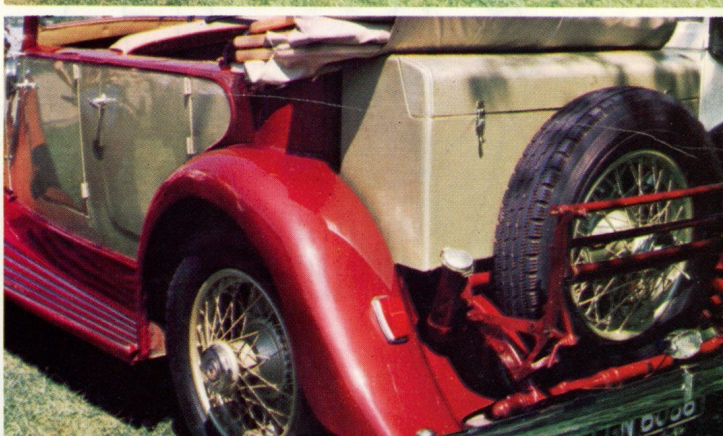
3
LEFT HAND
DRIVE
NO HAND
SIGNALS







Upper-crusty Rolls

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faults in the car, or shoot down some of the legends in flames. Those who think the company invented the title are especially prone to this unkind slant, although I believe history proves that the slogan was presented to them by a satisfied, titled owner. Anyway, to be at the absolute top leaves you open to the slings and arrows of jealous rivals and ignorant onlookers. To be fair, I have aimed a few at R-R myself. Yet the fact remains that from the day when Royce took a French Decauville to pieces and, discovering its empirical shortcomings, produced his far-better original Royce, the Rolls-Royce has been accepted everywhere as 'the best car in the world'. Even today with the very viable financial success of Rolls-Royce Motors Ltd, the cars find eager customers as soon as they become available, in spite of prices ranging from £22,809 to over £40,000.

The model which put R-R on the map was the big 40/50 hp, six-cylinder, which Royce brought out in 1906 to replace his relatively under-powered, vibratory Thirty. Johnson saw in this chassis the near-perfection that was to carry Rolls-Royce right to the top. Before that, Rolls had won (and lost) TT races with four-cylinder Light Twenty models designed by Royce. But here was something different. Painstakingly made by hand by craftsmen (all of whose tasks Royce could do a trifle better himself), and of a design concept that probed into every detail of the 114 × 114 mm 7-litre side-valve engine, the new 40/50 was that much more silent, more flexible, more refined than any of its rivals — e.g. Napier, Delaunay-Belleville and Daimler.

Any petrol-powered car is noisy if you remove the silencers and this applies to a Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost as much as to any other. But muffled up, the big 40/50 Rolls won the hush stakes because its gears did not whine, its back-axle did not moan, its exposed-valve gear did not clatter (the tappets had fibre inserts to quieten them) and every minor and major control functioned with a smoothness in keeping with this car's Ghostly progression. Johnson cashed in on this by having such a chassis endowed with a sporting Barker *Roi-de-Belges* open body, which he then had painted silver (aluminium paint), all its metal parts, the radiator included, being silver-plated. He named this eye-catching car 'The Silver Ghost'.

Then, seventy years ago, Claude Johnson set about publicising 'The Silver Ghost' (strictly, the name applies only to this car, registered number AX 201). This remarkable car (which not only still exists but is frequently used and is valued by Rolls-Royce Motors today at £100,000) did all manner of officially-observed stunts for Johnson. It beat a White steam-car in a comparative test, took part in tough Scottish trials, performed timed-runs in top gear of $3\frac{1}{2}$ mph and then 53 mph, achieved nearly 21 mpg on a fully-laden drive to Scotland, and ascended various notorious hills, including Rest-and-Be-Thankful and Handcross, the latter in the direct third gear. But what set the seal to the car's fame and consolidated the overwhelming prestige of Rolls-Royce was the famous 1907 15,000-mile trial – checked every inch of the way by RAC observers. 'The Silver Ghost' did 14,371 of those arduous miles without an involuntary stop, apart from those for the inevitable tyre changes. It only stopped then because a petrol-tap had vibrated shut – and I guess Royce winced, when they told him. Having completed this long road grind (only 'the Silver Ghost' never did grind, it just floated along) the car was stripped-down by RAC engineers. The cost of replacements, which a private-owner would have thought quite unnecessary, totalled just £2 2s 7d. After that Johnson took it to Cornwall on holiday and it was then sold into private service, being discovered in 1947 some 500,000 miles later in the New Forest by Rolls-Royce, who recovered and restored it.

Thus was made the R-R reputation. The 40/50 model went into production in Derby ('The Silver Ghost' had been made in the original R-R works at Cooke Street, Manchester) but it was so meticulously put together and tested that output was then at the rate of only four a week. From then on it was simply a case of Rolls-Royce perfecting the near-perfect. By 1909 the engine size of the Ghost was increased to 114 × 121 mm bore and stroke ($7\frac{1}{2}$-litres). The platform rear springing, that necessitated having the petrol tank under the floor of the back parlour, was changed to cantilever suspension, with a normal rear fuel tank. By 1909, too, the geared-up fourth speed, or 'sprinting gear' as Royce termed it, was changed for a three-speed box, and from 1913 a direct gear top in a four-speed box was used.

Of course, even R-R sometimes made mistakes. In the 1908 International Touring Car Trial the special, powerful 'White Knave' broke a piston; but its companion, the 'Silver Rogue', won its class in a canter. In 1912 high altitude caused a 'London-Edinburgh' Rolls-Royce to stop on a steep hill during the Austrian Alpine Trial, and dismount two of its passengers. But Royce didn't make that mistake again. In 1913 his four cars dominated the event.

So admiration for 'The Best Car in the World' grew. A special racing-bodied Ghost did 101 mph in 1911. Claude Johnson's opposite number at Napiers, S F Edge, advocate of six-cylinder engines, could not hold more than a guttering candle to Royce's achievements. When a pre-war 65 hp Napier was driven from London to Edinburgh on top gear and then timed to do 76.42 mph on Brooklands Track, its fuel thirst having been 19.35 mpg, Claude Johnson replied with a 1911 Ghost, of lesser engine size. This Rolls-Royce made light of the top-gear run, at 24.32 mpg, and then did 78.26 mph on the track. In 1911 a Ghost went to Germany and won the Empress' Cup in the Prince Henry Tour.

So, in the big-car class, the 40/50 Royce was supreme. Rolls used one to cart about the gas balloons he was now addicted to.

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Upper-crusty Rolls

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Turning to aeroplanes, he was killed at the Bournemouth Flying Meeting of 1910. But this sad loss of a forthright sportsman, and the failing health of Henry Royce which eventually made it necessary for him to run the factory from his house in the South of France, did nothing to stem the flood of the company's success.

So what of these gibes poked at it? Well, someone jealous of such success, and probably irritated by the fact that R-R never quote power-output figures for its car engines – they merely state that it is 'adequate' – referred to the Ghost engine as 'a triumph of workmanship over design.' When it was shown at the Paris Salon it was dubbed the 'Christmas Tree', being, it is true, rather more draped about with pipes, wires, and control-levers than the better foreign engines. Then someone coined the saying that 'Gentlemen purchased Daimlers; Industrialists bought Rolls-Royces.' Before the First World War there was something in this, because the staid Daimler, running as quietly as a Rolls-Royce but emitting a blue haze behind from its sleeve-valve engine, and looking even more dignified than a Ghost, *was* the Royal Car. However, even this no longer remains true, because seventeen years ago Daimlers left the Royal Mews at Buckingham Palace for the last time and were replaced by Rolls-Royces.

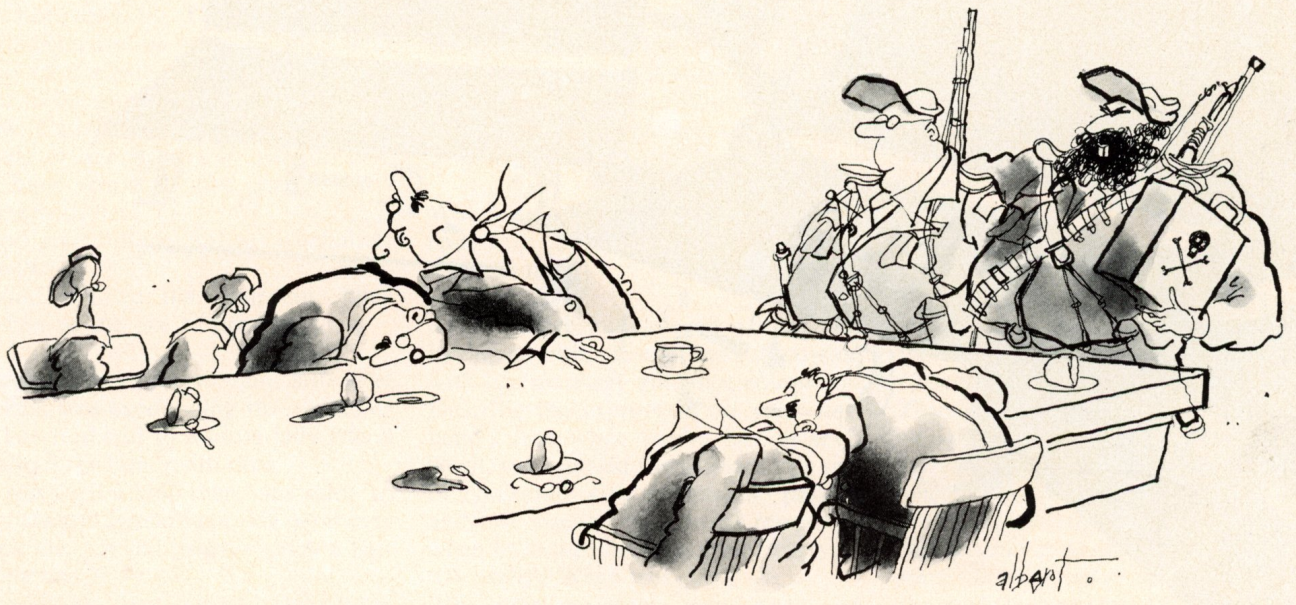
There was also the fact that Sir Henry Royce liked lots of time to work out changes of specification and fresh designs. The Silver Ghost, or more correctly the 40/50 side-valve model, was produced right down to 1925. It had done yeoman service throughout the 1914-18 war, in normal and in armoured-car form. But by the mid-twenties it was out-dated. And when a new Rolls-Royce *was* mooted, the New Phantom, this was seen to be just a Ghost chassis endowed with a push-rod-overhead-valve engine of $4\frac{1}{4}$ in $\times$ $5\frac{1}{2}$ in bore and stroke, against the later Ghost's $4\frac{1}{2}$ in $\times$ $4\frac{3}{4}$ in. This 7.6-litre engine power – 'adequate', of course – lived under the same shapely, long bonnet and behind the same Gothic radiator topped by the famous, near-nude 'Silver Lady' mascot. It wasn't until 1929 that the improved Phantom II Rolls-Royce appeared, with a more modern chassis having half-elliptic springing all round, but the same size engine, with the same valve arrangement.

So those who liked to poke fun at the illustrious R-R name could talk of the post-Armistice Ghosts and Phantoms being old-fashioned. There are critics to this day who seriously believe that the best 40/50s were made only up to the time of Charlie Rolls' death, these early chassis being better balanced than the later ones, which were all too often weighted down with large closed carriagework. Then there was the matter of braking. The Hispano-Suiza of 1919, along with some other continental chassis, had superb four-wheel-brakes. It took Royce until 1924/25 to adopt such anchorages. And, while he experimented, it is said that all manner of awful noises and twisted front axles were the norm, as his ideas for a complicated six-brake system were tested and rejected. In the outcome, Royce borrowed the best ideas of Hispano-Suiza and Renault, which was a boon to later-day critics, myself included. However those brakes, intended to stop a New Phantom as impeccably as it went, were, when finalised, the finest of their kind, with a gearbox-driven mechanical servo to reduce leg-pressure to a minimum. It was a system that persisted into the Silver Cloud III era, rendered redundant, and for very valid reasons, only by the power-hydraulics of the present Rolls-Royce cars.

That really epitomises R-R perfection. The never-hurried search for engineering supremacy, allied to extreme care in manufacture and the testing of every component. As a boy I used to read, enthralled, about how R-R investigated in their own laboratories, every piece of material that was destined for one of their cars, how they submitted each engine and chassis to lengthy tests, often on simple but nevertheless useful equipment, how they (in those days) made their own electrics and carburettors, etc, and how the magnificent radiator was hand-soldered, its myriad little tubes set in place in the handsome R-R shell with a care similar to that devoted to costly Swiss watches.

The pre-war Phantom II was not always a sombre carriage. In closed Continental II form it was a very long-legged motorcar in its time, equalled, some would say bettered, only by the 8-litre Bentley. My friend Bunty Scott-Moncrieff, purveyor of horseless carriages to the nobility and gentry, wrote in 1963 of the Continental Phantom II that it must rank as one of the world's really great cars, irrespective of age or country. 'It was', wrote Bunty, 'one of the most delightful cars to drive that I knew'. Then, before the Second World War, R-R came out with a car even the snidies couldn't fault. The magnificent V12 7,340 cc Phantom III. The proximity of hostilities killed its true potential. This 60-degree, $3\frac{1}{4}$ in $\times$ $4\frac{1}{2}$ in, seven-bearing, alloy-head example of Rolls-Royce engineering was the answer to the V12 Hispano-Suiza. And remark that in the 1970s it was to the V12 power unit which Jaguar/Daimler turned.

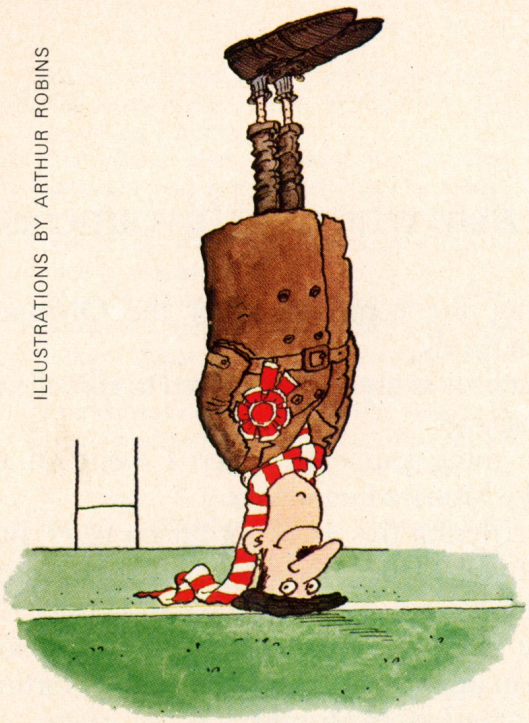
I wish I had more space in which to tell you of how Rolls won the 1906 TT race and broke the Monte Carlo to London record in a 4-cylinder Light-20 Royce, and more about the pre-war Ghosts and Phantoms. All I can do is to refer you to a library for further reading. The personification of such cars is continued today in the V8 Silver Shadow and its companion models, still displayed at Conduit Street in London's West End, and selling better than ever, with 3,261 made in 1976, American exports up 42%, those to the Middle East and Europe up by 32%. The Best Car in the World, in such customers' opinion . . .



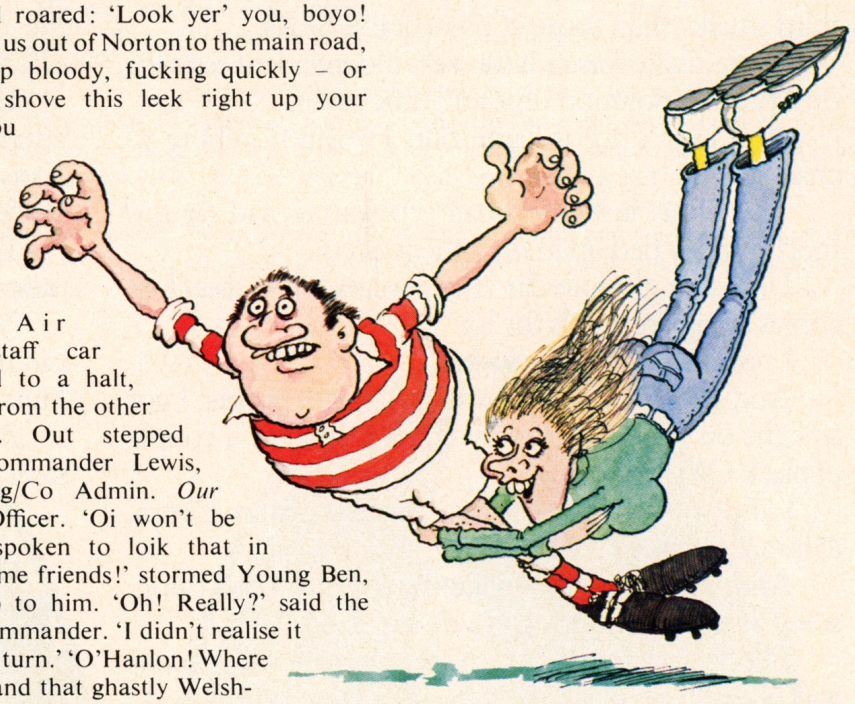
'You see, everything can be settled round the conference table.'

SEXES AND SEVENS

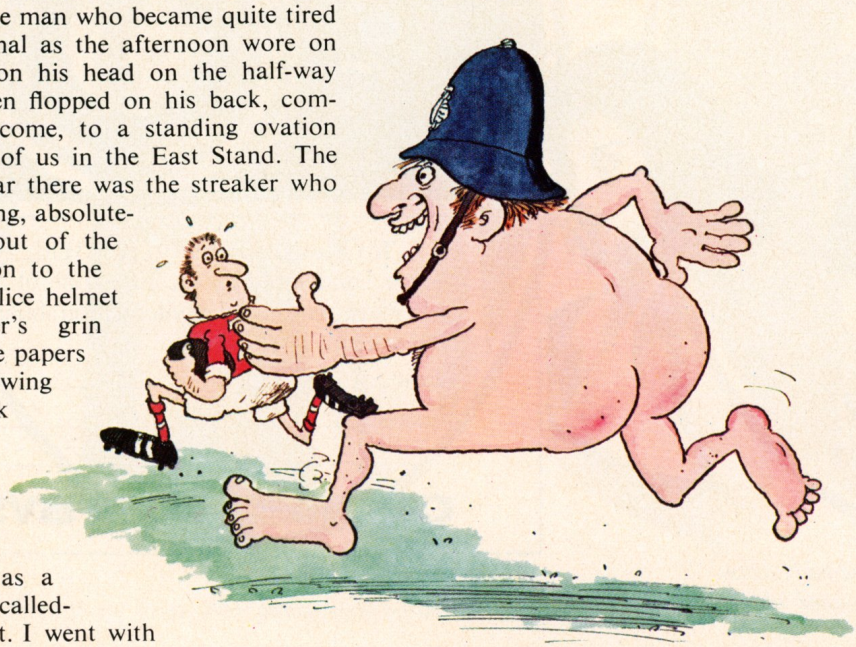
ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR ROBINS



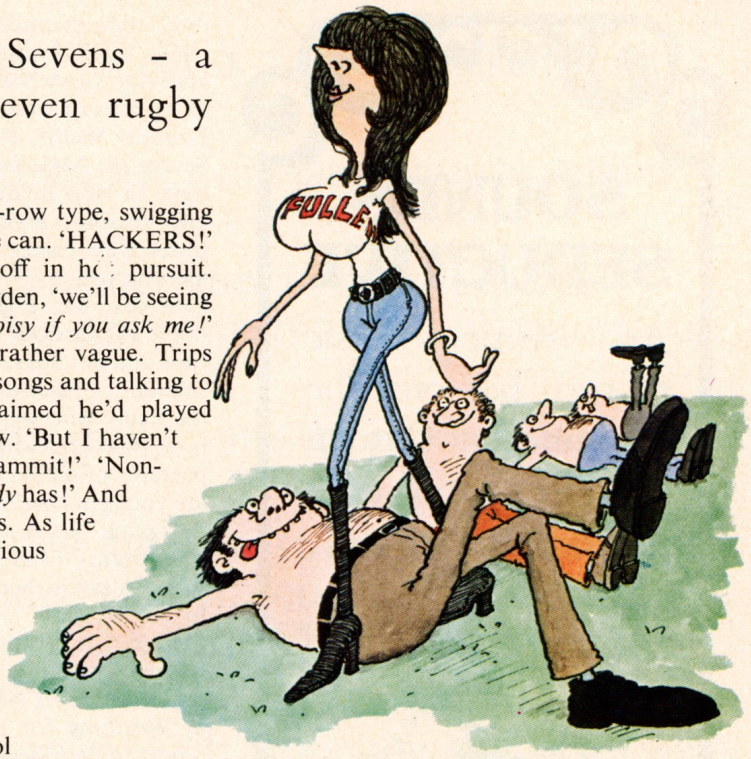
The first Saturday of May will make liars of the many. The many who said, 'Never again!' After last year's Sevens. The Middlesex Sevens are Rugby Union's rival to Ladies Day at Ascot. They remind me of a pre-war Bateman cartoon: 'The man who went to Twickenham to watch the rugby . . .' Because nobody else ever did. Oh, maybe a doting parent or two, or someone so stupified with drink that he can neither turn his head nor get out of his seat. It is a day when the players quietly get on with their own game, in itself quite ancillary to the many side shows taking place around and often in it. It has almost a Cup-Final atmosphere. Sixteen teams, the survivors of many preliminary rounds, meet in a knock-out contest. Each side fields seven players so that the game is wide open, easy to follow and likely to produce those Walter Mitty moments of the solo-run try. Each game lasts 15 minutes and the two finalists play four games in the course of the day. It lasts from 12 until six and it is not surprising that drink and elation produce diverting contributions from the crowds. Last year there was the man who became quite tired and emotional as the afternoon wore on and stood on his head on the half-way line. He then flopped on his back, completely overcome, to a standing ovation from those of us in the East Stand. The previous year there was the streaker who ran screaming, absolutely naked, out of the West Bar on to the pitch. A police helmet and wearer's grin made all the papers the following day. I think my first year of *really* going to the Sevens was 1950, as a one month called-up conscript. I went with Taffy Harrhy, a bulbous-nosed corporal. We had sneaked out of RAF, Moreton-in-the-Marsh, in the Chipping Norton shit-cart at dawn. Apparently the Middlesex Rugby Union had had the sound common sense not to allow a Welsh guest side in them that year. Corporal Harrhy had decided to take offence on behalf of all members of the principality . . . The driver and mate of the local refuse wagon were not known as celebrated intellectuals. 'Oi can't drive 'ee foither than N*awr*ton, lookee, Master Taffy,' quoth Young Ben. It would have been nice to record for posterity that Corporal Harrhy most courteously thanked the young peasant for driving us thus far. It would have been. In the event, 2390687 Cpl Harrhy, T, turned apoplectic in his corner eyrie atop the potato peelings, brandished an almighty leek, and roared: 'Look yer' you, boyo! You take us out of Norton to the main road, chop-chop bloody, fucking quickly – or else I'll shove this leek right up your harse, you Gloucestershire fuck-wit!' Just then a Royal Air Force staff car screeched to a halt, coming from the other direction. Out stepped Wing Commander Lewis, the Wing/Co Admin. *Our* Senior Officer. 'Oi won't be bloody spoken to loik that in front of me friends!' stormed Young Ben, going up to him. 'Oh! Really?' said the Wing Commander. 'I didn't realise it was their turn.' 'O'Hanlon! Where are you and that ghastly Welshman going at this earthly hour?'



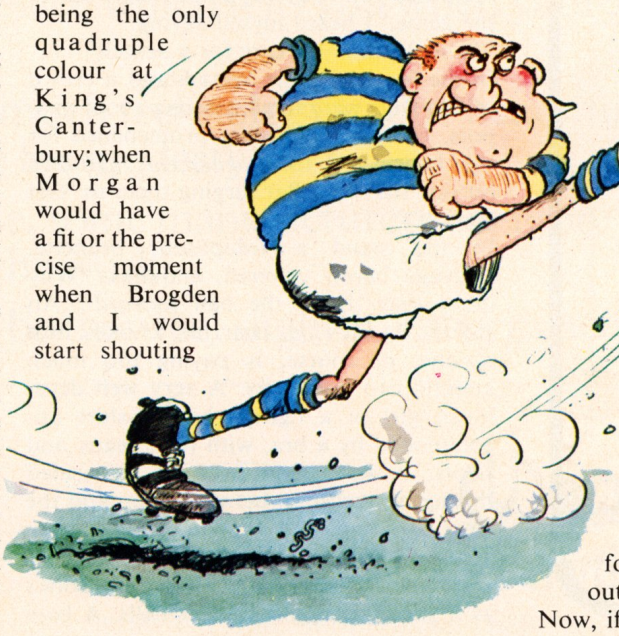
'Um, er, don't know, sir.' He turned to his driver. 'Phone the guard room will you. Report two airmen lost and found. One suffering from amnesia, the other smelling of drink and refuse. Ask the Duty NCO to do something with them. For the whole weekend.' We were given the ordinance of the latrines until 0900 Monday morning. And Twickenham for me was as far away as two days before when I had set out. His Majesty called me to foreign climes for the rest of my service and then I went to live abroad permanently for several years. On a balmy Spring Friday in 1961 I attended a house party down in Kent with my idiot half-brother, Vivian St Claire Brogden. I quite forget its purpose but they served Pimm's and we became pixilated. Sometime during the afternoon Brogden poured a bottle of Guinness into my pocket and invited me to the Sevens the next day. We had trouble negotiating the stairs when we returned to Brogden's, at about three am. 'I should make less quiet,' his father called out, from the Aged Parents Wing. 'Why don't you both go and throw each other in the duck pond?' And in the morning there came the light, and an unmerciful hangover. We were flat on our backs in the rushes. 'I don't feel very well,' said Brogden. 'Must have been something I've eaten . . . 'We are taking "Knickers" to the dreaded Sevens. I love her dearly, O'H, and if you attack her while I'm driving I will throw you in the duckpond again.' Brogden crunched the gears in his white open Jowett tourer and off we went. 'Knickers' was the genre, if not the muse, of 'Jolly Hockey Sticks', a generously proportioned tomboy, who rode to hounds, drank beer and said 'Fuck' frequently. In the most impeccable accent, of course. Brogden



Brian O'Hanlon recalls the Middlesex Sevens – a yearly jamboree of drinks, jollity and even rugby



drove like a lunatic. Completely himself. 'Knickers' bounced up and down on my legs bellowing: 'Come on Broggers. Put your bloody foot down. You're like a fart in a colander. Hey! Look at that wheel in front, rolling down the hill. Who does it belong to?' 'US!' roared Brogden, as we toppled into the ditch. There was only one thing to do. And three large gins later we put wheel and car together again as off we went. Twickers may not be as posh as Ascot: sexy tight sweaters and jeans instead of flowered print dresses and picture hats, but, even so, it is the complete inter-sex occasion. Girlfriends and wives who have grumbled all through the long winter's night can't believe it when they're invited to join the crowd. They are brought along for three reasons. To bring the food; to bring the drink; and to drive one home. They don't know one end of a rugby scrum from the other and really don't care. But it will be the first Saturday they have spent with their men, all day, since this time last year. Last year? 'Knickers' remembers. 'I went with this soopah man, darling. No, don't remember his name. Haven't the foggiest, but we got lost on the way in; never saw each other again. And then this delightful boy, Roger . . . Roger? I think that was his name . . . offered to drive me home. We stopped in Oxshott Woods. He became frightfully fruity, so I simply had to give him one in the goolies . . .' 'Knickers', said Brogden, thoughtfully, just missing a traffic island at Hampton Court. '*What* a delightful girl you've turned out to be . . .' As we went into the ground 'Knickers' spotted a burly second-row type, swigging from an extremely large can. 'HACKERS!' she roared and went off in hot pursuit. 'Don't think,' said Brogden, 'we'll be seeing her again, O'H. *Too noisy if you ask me!*' That afternoon is still rather vague. Trips to the loo, choruses of songs and talking to some buffoon who claimed he'd played against me in Wilmslow. 'But I haven't been to Wilmslow, dammit!' 'Nonsense, old boy. *Everybody* has!' And so on through the years. As life has become deadly serious and more boring, the Middlesex Sevens – that glorious day of irresponsibility, of knowing *how* to misbehave, played in a minor public school key – have bloomed and really come into their own. Nowadays it is an all-ticket affair – but in the sixties . . . In the sixties I had stopped playing myself and at last felt at liberty to tell everyone else how it should be done. My cohorts were Heaford, Beaky Yates and Morgan. As close friends do we frequently squabbled. Usually about matters only given serious attention in the average kindergarten. Sevens day 1967 we all assembled at 10 in *The White Swan* at Richmond. 'Right,' said Yates, confronting us at the door of the pub, 'nobody passes me without a "green".' We antied up our pounds. Many pints later, at Twickenham – a complete stranger had given us a lift, because we told him Brogden used to play for England (but didn't say at what) – the traditional betting began. Not on the game. Oh! No! But on such more fratricidal matters as when Heaford's neck would turn crimson under the strain – his turtle line – when Beaky would give us his usual unsolicited monologue about being the only quadruple colour at King's Canterbury; when Morgan would have a fit or the precise moment when Brogden and I would start shouting at each other. We'd bet on the customary penalty kicking attempts and on such cerebral matters as the colour of a bird's knickers. The onus upon the person taking the wager to ask her. Sutcliffe came into a spot of bother that year. A knock-out blonde had a beefy, beery Australian boyfriend, who took exception!



If Twickenham supplies the scenario, the Welsh provide the aggravation. In rugby matters the Welsh are self-made men and worship their creators, or, put another way: you can always tell a Welshman. But you can't tell him much. Twickenham wouldn't be the same without them and I, for one, would miss having my usual row, and be bloody miserable. My friend Harrison would always make a point of going up to someone in the Welsh contingent and ask who *were* the side just trotting out onto the field in scarlet and white? Only one such as he, who had done Greats at Oxford, could manage to both keep a straight profile and continue the conversation, while the rest of us had mute coronaries. 'You see, old chap', Harrison would say, 'I've been in Kenya for the last 30 years and am a bit out of touch . . .'

Now, if there is one thing the Welsh love,

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more than themselves, it is a pupil; someone to teach, without fear of contradiction. Harrison's grey head would nod sagaciously as his mentor would make the point that if London Welsh didn't participate in the Sevens the Middlesex Rugby Union would have to stop holding them – because the only reason everybody else turned up was to see them beaten. 'But, US, we're sportsmen, boyo!'

Last year was a glorious scorching afternoon of glorious shirtsleeve order, beer cans and hot dogs, champagne and smoked salmon. A once-a-year meeting place for the many who were together in youth but now, through marriage, had left their tribal pastures of earlier days. For the rest, who are young and still very much involved with the game, it's a raucous 'Last Night Of The Proms'. I have found that after 40 the thing to say is that one doesn't want to go to the Sevens – and hopefully wait to be forced.

I wasn't going in '76 and because no one had asked me I sulked off to my mother's at Worthing for that weekend. I always report to the *George & Dragon*, en route to 'Home Command', for a beer or five. As I walked through the door the crowd regarded me. 'John, what about old Brian? He's your spare ticket. That's it. Now we're all set.' I smoothly led trumps. 'If your talking about the Sevens, forget it. I have already turned down a ticket up in London. What's the point of coming down to Worthing one night to go back up the next morning?'

John Thirsfield (known to the local alumni as 'Thirstyfield') readily agreed with me, pressed a ticket in my hand and said: '10 o'clock. Don't be late.'

The mantle of middle-aged respectability is difficult to shed when encountering the Sevens. It doesn't do to say you're going to have a bloody good PU. Oh, no! Something a little less obvious. 'You see', said John Chapman to me in the coach the next day, 'the real reason we are going is to give encouragement to the young. It is a bit of a drag up to Twickers and back when one could be sitting quietly in the garden, but it's worth it.'

'You feel you're giving something back to the game,' I heard myself saying.

'Quite. Would you care for a Scotch?'

In the loo under the West Stand a crowd of Old Ruts were singing a song about piss-pots. Outside the dollies promenaded for the benefit of the *cognoscenti* gathered outside the West Bar, urging them to 'Get 'em orf!'

In the stand a voluptuous brunette, cleavage barely covered, enquires: 'Why don't they throw the ball *forward?*' An elderly Ba-Ba's tie, near me, chokes. But no-one, of course, is paying too much attention to the rugby. A very well developed girl in a tight, white, T-shirt uncommoded by a bra, with tight jeans and boots, is walking in front of the seated throng on the grass between them and the dead ball line. She is getting much more applause than the Old Fullerians whose name she wears across her chest. She looks as if she is smuggling soccer balls. A bare waisted reveller throws himself at her feet; on his back, arms outstretched. As she steps over, deciding where to tread, the crowd shouts: 'Lower! Lower!' Three or four more bare chests fall in her path. Now, full of confidence, she manages to tread *not* so warily! 'I prefer the Fuller figure,' pronounces a stentorian voice.

The afternoon heat and drink take their toll. Sandwiches are wolfed down grateful throats as more and more sides go out of the 1976 tournament. London Scottish, London Irish, Nottingham (Nottingham and Loughborough Colleges are this year's invitation sides, that is, from outside Middlesex). Loughborough beat Rosslyn Park in one semi-final and Quins, London Welsh, in the other. Quins find themselves feted and are clearly amazed at the amount of cheers they receive from quarters where usually jeers and catty remarks are the order of the day.

Before the actual final there is half an hour's grace when whole convoys play 'follow my leader' to the nearest loo. There is also an exhibition of some sort or another. It would, perhaps, be lese-majesty to refer to it as 'cabaret.'

This year it is the Royal Marine Commandos, preceded by the Royal Marines Band. As the band retreats their baton swinging leader marches, with unconcerned nonchalance, at the crowd in the North West corner. Like the Red Sea they, too, part. What is really funny is the manner in which the whole scene is done. The Sergeant Domo didn't, for one minute, think that the crowd would stay there!

A Royal Naval Helicopter arrives and swirls 50 feet in the air above the pitch. A man climbs down the rope to 'rescue' an injured marine on the ground, after which there is a display of speed and derring-do by Marine motor cyclists. The announcer chooses this moment to request the crowd not to disgorge on the pitch after the final. 'Play the game chaps. We've got to *look after our turf!*'

Frank Richards could not have dreamed up a better final. Loughborough go ahead and then, in the best *Boys Own Paper* manner, the gentlemen of the Harlequins recover splendidly.

The result depends on the final penalty kick. The Quins kicker places it just the wrong side of the post, and Loughborough Colleges have won the 1976 Middlesex Sevens. The crowd come on to the turf. 'Come along chaps; play the game!' bleats the announcer.

The regimental figure sporting the Barbarians tie gets to his feet, and speaks for the first time that afternoon: 'I do wish that awful bloody man would shut up!'

On the way back to Worthing we stop at a pub with the sign: 'No Coaches'. Stoy alights, takes it down, holds it the wrong way up and asks if anyone understands Russian.

We make the *George and Dragon* at 10 minutes to the bell.

'Ah,' says Bob, the governor, 'how did you get on? Who won?' 'Dunno!' gasps Thirstyfield, choking on what is to be his last pint of the day. 'Ask O'H!'

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Illustrated by Ronald Cobb

No. 5

Sallys are sporty
And frequently naughty.
In long sexy summers
They'll take on all comers.
They find it a bore
To keep exact score.
Shall we call it love forty?

QUEST

The laboratory of human response
Volume Nine

During our surveys into initiations and the 'excuse factor' our interviewers confirmed a fascinating trend. It involves the use of sex-aids within a partnership, often for the sexual gratification of one partner only. Although marital-aids can help ailing sex-lives, might they also often be another instance of a personal sexual predilection?

INTRODUCTION

One can hardly pick up a magazine these days without being aware of advertisements for mail-order sex-aids or, indeed, walk around any city centre without coming across a shop which sells them. So, who uses sex-aids? Are they really for couples who need a new spark of life to the ailing sex-side of their relationships? Or is there more to it than that? In our first interview it became clear that the interviewee's husband used the ailing sex-life syndrome as an excuse factor to have his own sexual desires satiated. In the second interview an intrinsically comic situation provided the pretext for an indulgence into the world of sex-aids. Departing from the more mechanical forms of sex-aids, but none-the-less relevant, the third interviewee found the chance arrival of some second-hand clothes provided the excuse she needed to dress up in them and fulfil her sexual desires.

INTERVIEWS

(*In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.*)

One **Housewife, 32 years old, brunette, town of origin Bristol**

This interviewee had been married eight years. Prior to her marriage she had worked as a typist-cum-secretary with a large insurance company. There were no children. They now lived in a ground-floor maisonette in a Bristol suburb.

Quest: Did you first suggest that sex-aids might help your sex-life?

Housewife: Good heavens no, it wasn't me who brought it up.

Quest: You didn't like the idea?

Housewife: No, it's not that either. It's just that when you're confronted with it like that it's very embarrassing. I found it was. I was very shy too and the idea of using a vibrator on myself while my husband was there just seemed so awful.

Quest: Reading between the lines, you weren't altogether unhappy about using sex-aids?

Housewife: Not by myself. When I was much younger I used to touch myself there and rub myself until I became excited . . . all girls must do themselves like that. I mean you know that don't you . . .?

Quest: Masturbation in girls is normal, but probably not as common as in boys. But would you do anything else besides touch yourself into orgasm?

Housewife: What do you mean?

Quest: I mean did you ever use phallic substitutes in masturbation?

Housewife: Occasionally I'd use a brush handle and once I used one of those sleeves you get round cigars. I was very young then – about fifteen or sixteen I think. I'd been massaging myself and I just wanted to feel something there so I ran around the house trying to find something suitable and I remembered father having a supply of cigars so I used one of them . . . the tube that is. I washed it and put it back later. It was nothing special, I just had to feel something there, anything would have probably done.

Quest: So when your husband suggested later that you should both try sex-aids, the idea wasn't all that distasteful to you as you earlier implied.

Housewife: Yes, it was. You've got me confused now. I'm probably not explaining it well, but, don't you see, it's different if you're doing it by yourself. With someone else there, it's something else again.

Quest: But not so much of a shock if you hadn't used any artificial-aids before.

Housewife: No, I suppose not.

Quest: What were the circumstances under which sex-aids were first discussed?

Housewife: John, that's my husband, knew this girl before we were married, she used to have eyes for him yet whenever he asked her out she refused. John had this great idea that for her birthday he'd buy her a big black vibrating penis and present it to her, all wrapped-up in fancy paper and tied with a bow.

Quest: But he never did?

Housewife: No, he never got round to it. I thought it was quite funny. The funny thing about this whole affair was that it was John who convinced himself that our sex life was failing.

Quest: When was this?

Housewife: After we'd been married four years, I think it was. Up till then sex had played a very important part in our lives. Naturally, I suppose, we weren't as eager or as frequent as we were when we first married, but as far as I was concerned, I was quite happy with the way things were.

Quest: But your husband wasn't?

Housewife: Yes. He was always on about how we no longer did it and that I couldn't feel for him the way I used to.

Quest: And did you?

Housewife: Of course I did. As far as I knew at that stage things were perfectly okay.

Quest: How often did you make love?

Housewife: Regularly. This is really like the Inquisition isn't it?

Quest: All I'm trying to do is establish if there was a genuine reason why you should introduce sex-aids.

Housewife: I don't really know. I'd never thought of it before like that. Not for myself at any rate. As I already told you I used to use some artificial-aids in masturbation. Sorry, I'm getting side-tracked aren't I?

Quest: You're doing fine. Apart from the practical joke side, how did the *use* of sex-aids first come up?

Housewife: Between us?

Quest: Yes.

Housewife: I'm not too sure actually. John kept teasing me, saying that he was going to buy me a vibrator, and that it would make me sexy and improve our marriage. I didn't think he was serious, but he kept bringing it up – not all the time, but every now and again.

Quest: And you didn't like the idea?

Housewife: I'd never thought about it really, so I took it in good humour so to speak.

Quest: And when did you feel that John was serious?

Housewife: Then again, it just didn't dawn on me. He started buying men's magazines and bringing them home. At first I didn't look but gradually I began to pick them up and have a quick browse. I remember that sometimes I used to get all tingly when I read some of the things, Quest included. I used to think to myself 'That's dirty,' but I'd start to feel all warm.

Quest: And what of your husband?

Housewife: He used to get all sexy too, but he said it was because I was getting sexy that he was.

Quest: Did this lead to intercourse?

Housewife: Yes on one or two occasions it did. On the living room floor, with the curtains drawn, of course. We were lying there by the fire reading some sexy bit and I felt all tingly . . . John would always read it out loud. At first I was completely turned-off by it, as I've said, but then it became more of a curiosity and I found that I was enjoying reading more and more.

Quest: Tell me of the first time it lead to sex.

Housewife: Well, John was reading bits of it out loud and he got to a really saucy piece of description and he took the magazine and rolled over onto his back and continued reading out aloud. I was feeling quite fruity as we were drinking at the time and I glanced over John and noticed a considerable bulge in his trousers and was quite shocked actually – I was perhaps naive but I didn't realise that John could get so excited just by looking at a magazine like that.

Quest: What did you do?

Housewife: I just started running my fingers over him, you know, twiddling with his shirt buttons, and just brushing his erection. I eventually got it out and held it. The girl in the story had taken her man in her mouth and John wanted me to do that but I didn't want to.

Quest: But you made love?

Housewife: In the end, I found myself very very excited and wanted desperately to do it. John wanted to go up to the bedroom and get a mirror down and do it in front of the mirror but that was too much I thought.

Quest: So when did sex-aids first appear in your love-making?

Housewife: John was still on about our declining sex life – I still believed it was all right – and suggested once again that we should do something about it. I'd heard it all before. Then, he brought home one of those sexual technique books – a sort of manual – and pointed out a chapter on sex-aids. He told me that I was very unresponsive to him and that this book had the answer. It was full of pictures of erections and couples making love and under the chapter on sex-aids it said that many women who hadn't had an orgasm could have them if they aroused themselves with a simple vibrator.

Quest: And you tried it?

Housewife: Not just then. I still thought it

quite awful and said that I couldn't do it like that.

Quest: And your husband, what did he say?

Housewife: He said that I should try, that obviously there was something missing in our sex-lives and that this might well be the answer to all our worries. But as I keep saying, I didn't realise that anything was wrong. I realise that perhaps the sex-urge in men is a lot stronger than in women, but I never denied my husband sex. When we had times off, it was, as far as I was concerned, mutual.

Quest: But John bought you a vibrator.

Housewife: I, in the end, said that I would try – not blatantly like that, but as always, I said we could try it, sort of in a humorous way, and that it might be better, but that I didn't think there was a need. Sorry, what did you say . . . oh yes, well, I couldn't go out and buy one could I? I mean, it's not done . . . I'd be embarrassed, I'd die if I had to go into one of those stores.

Quest: So your husband ordered it through the mail?

Housewife: No, he evidently went into one shop when he was in London and bought it and gave it to me as a little present.

Quest: Did you use it?

Housewife: Not at first. John was saying that I had to use it, that I should be the one to get myself excited.

Quest: Tell me about the first time.

Housewife: It must be terribly boring for you listening to this.

Quest: Not at all, please go on.

Housewife: It wasn't a big romantic thing, John and I went to bed one evening after we had had the thing for a week or two and he started to play with me.

Quest: With the vibrator?

Housewife: He was just his usual self . . . when we did make love, there was nothing wrong with his technique . . . he was very considerate and would arouse me gradually. It was the same this time. We went to bed and we just started kissing quite sexily and he was feeling me, his hands were rubbing all over me, feeling my nipples and getting them to stand up. I was getting moist between my legs. His thing was already up . . . I never had to play with him to get him excited; his thingy was always ready when we got round to doing it. He lowered his hands, massaging, rubbing me, very very gently just brushing past my opening.

Quest: Vagina?

Housewife: Yes, he seemed to be more gentle than usual if anything. He moved down, kissing me all the way and making me squirm and feel all goose-bumpy, and then I felt his hot breath on my naughty parts and I trembled as his tongue just brushed over it and darted into me. I was ready for it then, but instead of climbing on top of me, he reached out to the bedside cupboard and pulled out the box with the thing in it and got it out and switched it on. It made a loud buzzing noise and I was scared stiff the neighbours might hear it. I presumed that they would always think dirty thoughts of anything, but John said they'd probably think it was his electric razor if, indeed, they thought about it at all, which he doubted very much.

Quest: And he rubbed you with the vibrator?

Housewife: Ummm. It was delicious. Gorgeous, as he played it on my nipples and gradually massaged each breast and then moved it down to my vagina. But that's where it stopped that first time . . .

Quest: What do you mean?

Housewife: He reached out his hand and got hold of mine and put the thing in it. He'd already thrown off the bedclothes so we were just lying on the under-sheet, completely nude, and he was down towards the bottom of the bed looking at me . . .

Quest: Between the legs?

Housewife: Yes, and he was asking me to rub it over myself there and just put it inside.

Quest: But you refused?

Housewife: Yes, I turned it off and put it under the bed and reached up to beckon him to come to me. He asked me to do it to myself but I said I didn't need to, and in the end, when I'd practically lost my desire, he fell on top of me and made love to me.

Quest: But you did use it on yourself soon after?

Housewife: John kept on about it like usual and so the next time we made love, when he got the vibrator out – he put it under the pillow – and pushed it in my hand, I realised that it wasn't a sex-aid he'd wanted . . .

Quest: He was using the ailing sex life story as an excuse.

Housewife: Yes. I didn't think that precisely; I believed he wanted to watch in a sort of voyeuristic way . . . as if he wasn't there and was watching through a keyhole as I masturbated. That's what it was after all.

Quest: But you went ahead with it?

Housewife: I really had no choice.

Quest: And what happened?

Housewife: John got me excited again and moved down to the end of the bed and got the thing out and gave it to me to play with. I ran it over myself and I have to admit that it really did do things for me. It was quite large, rounder than John was, and I remember going all warm and cuddly as I ran it over my nipples and round my breasts and down to my vagina. I ran it over a couple of times and then just edged the tip, ever so gently between the lips. I had to gasp for air as I did and it felt all beautifully tingly and I wanted all of a sudden to feel more of it in, so I pushed it in and out gently until it was right in me and I was just writhing about as it was so lovely and pleasurable and I must have been absolutely drenched because it moved so easily.

Quest: And you orgasmed?

Housewife: Oh yes. It was the best orgasm I'd had up to then it lasted so long and I must have nearly passed out it was so intense and beautiful. But the thing was I was enjoying it.

Quest: And what was John doing?

Housewife: He was watching me . . . he had a very big erection but he didn't do anything to himself. Just that afterwards – after I'd turned it off and put it away – he

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came on top of me and we made love like we'd never done before.
Quest: So in fact it was a marital-aid?
Housewife: I suppose so, but that wasn't the real reason he bought it, I'm sure.
Quest: Have you used other aids?
Housewife: No, not as yet . . . it just seems that vibrators are the nicest aids . . . the others do seem rather dirty.
Quest: Thank you very much.

Two **Receptionist, blonde, single, aged 23, town of origin Scunthorpe**
This interviewee, a rather shy and introverted girl, left home for the first time at the age of 22 and moved to the Midlands where she is employed by a building concern. She shares a small flat with another girl.
Quest: If you'll forgive my saying so, you don't exactly appear to be the sort of girl who would have anything to do with sex-aids.
Receptionist: (Inaudible)
Quest: Sorry, you'll have to speak a bit louder so the tape can pick you up.
Receptionist: I said I didn't think you can tell the sort of girls who do use sex-aids.
Quest: Of course not. But from what you've told me so far about your sexual experiences to date, it does come as a bit of a surprise to discover that you do make use of sex-aids.
Receptionist: You make it sound as though sex-aids are the be-all and end-all of my sex-life.
Quest: Yet you do use them often.
Receptionist: Yes.
Quest: And despite not being the be-all and end-all of your sex-life, these aids nevertheless play an important role.
Receptionist: Yes.
Quest: Could you be a bit more specific?
Receptionist: It's simply that these aids seem to make my sex-life more exciting and enjoyable. For various reasons until recently my sex-life was very limited, I suppose I was quite naive sexually. Now I have been introduced to these things though, I've been bucked-up quite a bit.
Quest: How did your introduction to these items take place?
Receptionist: I had this boyfriend called Jim who I'd been going out with for ages. He was only the third man I'd ever been to bed with, so I wasn't exactly what you'd call an experienced lover. Neither of us was for that matter. It was all very much a case of missionary position under the bedclothes with the lights off whenever we did have sex – which wasn't all that often seeing as we both lived at home and only had the chance of going to bed if either of our parents were out for the evening. One Saturday, Jim and a load of friends went down to London for a football match and spent the evening before coming home wandering around Soho. They must have gone into one of the sex-shops, because next time Jim and I went to bed, he produced this thing.
Quest: You make it sound like something out of a horror film.
Receptionist: Well, I didn't know what it was. It looked like a very odd condom.
Quest: Odd? How so?
Receptionist: It had sort of lumps, bumps and ridges all down it. I asked Jim what it was and he said that it was a special sheath designed to give a girl more pleasure. It was so outside the range of my sexual experience that I didn't know whether to take offence, or welcome it, or what. It did make me curious though. Jim asked whether I'd mind if he used it and I said it was up to him. He started to put it on and it made his penis look so peculiar. To tell you the truth I was a bit frightened. All those funny bits on it. I thought they might hurt me.
Quest: And did they?
Receptionist: No. Quite the reverse. Jim eased himself into me and I nearly jumped out of my skin. The feeling of this – object – I can't think of any other way to describe it, sliding over my clitoris gave me an incredibly powerful orgasm. It was like having a series of electric shocks. I could only take a few minutes of it before having to stop him. He thought he'd hurt me or done something wrong because I was just lying there gasping. I was too shy to explain to him what it had done to me. Anyway, I don't think I could have put it into words. He threw it away afterwards – this thing – because he thought I didn't like it, and the subject never really came up again.
Quest: So how did your progress into the world of sex-aids continue?
Receptionist: When I left home a year ago and moved to where I am now, I continued to see Jim for a short while, but it just petered off in the end. I couldn't get that condom out of my mind. Sometimes after that incident when I'd made love to Jim I fantasised that he was wearing it and that used to always give me a very powerful orgasm. I wanted to try it again, but I just couldn't bring myself to ask him. I'd discussed the matter with Sue, my flat-mate, but she didn't really seem to understand. She thought the whole thing was a bit sordid. Not that she was a prude or anything like that, but she said she just thought the idea distasteful. I found the whole thing very frustrating because I didn't have a boyfriend and even if I had, I couldn't very well have said, 'please wear a funny condom with lumps on it when we're making love,' could I?
Quest: How did this situation resolve itself?
Receptionist: I decided to take the matter into my own hands, if you'll forgive the expression. The boys at work used to get *Mayfair* and other magazines every month and you'd see quite a lot of adverts for vibrators and things like that. I photocopied one of the ads on the q.t. and sent off for a little vibrator. I nearly died when it arrived, all neatly wrapped in its brown envelope. Sue wanted to know what it was and I just mumbled that it was some cosmetics I'd sent away for and fled into my room. I couldn't wait to get the package open and have a look. I felt incredibly naughty. I mean it was so unlike me to do something like this. It was made of white plastic, about five inches long with a tapering tip and it buzzed. I hid it under my mattress and went off to work. I tried it out that night. It was incredible. I ran it all over my breasts and my clitoris and masturbated three or four times. That was another thing. I'd hardly ever brought myself off before. Only very very rarely, but I could hardly contain myself with the vibrator. It was a lovely sensation.
Quest: How long did these solitary sessions continue?
Receptionist: For about two months until I met Terence. It's funny, he hates being called Terry. He always insists on Terence. He found out about the vibrator.
Quest: How did you react to this discovery?
Receptionist: I don't think I've ever been or ever will be quite as embarrassed as I was. I met him in a pub and we started going out and then about three weeks after I met him we went to bed for the first time and he was a really marvellous lover. He introduced me to oral sex, which was something else brand new to me, and he encouraged me to talk about sex. Tell him what I liked and what I didn't. I told him that I liked him using his tongue on me and that I liked taking his penis in my mouth. And doing it doggy fashion too. But I didn't tell him about my vibrator. Then he found it. It was silly really. Terence had come round to pick me up before we went out one evening. I was in the bathroom and I asked him to get me a hanky from the little chest of drawers by my bed. What I'd forgotten was that in this particular drawer was the vibrator. When I came back from the bathroom he was standing with the hanky in one hand and the vibrator in the other. But he didn't seem shocked at all. In fact he was smiling. He said something like 'who's a little raver then?' I was scarlet. I stammered out some terribly feeble excuse which he didn't believe and then he said 'Look, it's nothing to be ashamed of. Don't get all hot and bothered about it.' He put it back in the drawer.
Quest: What happened then?
Receptionist: We went out and had a normal evening. But when we got home and went to bed, he wanted to use the vibrator on me.
Quest: Did you allow this?
Receptionist: Not at first. I was still very embarrassed by it all. We were lying in bed when I felt him reach over and open the drawer. He got it out, switched it on and tried to guide it between my legs, but I pushed his hand away. I half-wanted him to, but, I don't know, I wanted to put up some sort of show of reluctance, which I suppose is a bit silly really. He kept on trying to stroke me with it, and in the end I just allowed my legs to open just a weeny bit. He was running the tip of the vibrator over my labia and at the same time he was sucking my nipples. I could start to feel myself go. You can, can't you? Then all of a sudden he switched it off and I heard him drop it on the floor. I murmured that I didn't want him to stop, but then his hand took over from the vibrator. I didn't realise how wet I was. I felt a finger just slide into me and begin rubbing my clitoris. I had a hold of Terence's penis and was trying to pull him on top of me, but he just

kept up this slow, steady rhythm with his hand. I could feel myself begin coming and he must have sensed this somehow because he stopped. I was practically beside myself with frustration. That was twice now he'd built me up and then stopped. But then I felt him move over on top of me and I felt him put his penis into me. He started moving very slowly, but every-so-often he'd put in this extra-deep and hard thrust that made me gasp. It was like an exquisite Chinese water-torture in that I didn't know when these big thrusts would come. Then he started to get faster and faster and really push in deep. I couldn't control myself. I was digging my nails into his back and wrapping my legs around his bottom and I heard this voice saying incredibly dirty things. It was me. I couldn't believe that I was that far gone. I was saying things that I just can't repeat. Then I felt him come. And there was an incredible warmth inside me. That pushed me over the top. I had . . . God, believe me, I can't describe the orgasm I had.

Quest: Has the vibrator played a significant part in your sexual relationship with Terence since this incident?

Receptionist: Yes it has, but as I told you earlier, it's not the be-all and end-all. We just use it in foreplay.

Quest: And have you experimented with other aids or used the particular condom we discussed?

Receptionist: I've got a ribbed sheath that fits over the vibrator which we use sometimes.

Quest: Anything else?

Receptionist: Terence sent away for a sex-aids catalogue, but apart from vibrators and sheaths, everything else seems to be concentrated on pills, potions and lotions. Now he's talking about dressing me up in sexy undies.

Quest: Do you have any objections?

Receptionist: None whatsoever. Now that the barriers have come down, I think I'll try almost anything once just to see if I like it.

Quest: Thanks very much.

Three **Sales demonstrator, 24 years old, brunette, town of origin Stockport**

This interviewee had studied drama briefly after leaving school but given it up to take a variety of secretarial jobs. She married at the age of 22 and had recently taken up demonstrating kitchen equipment.

Quest: Did you always dress to tempt men?

Demonstrator: What a lovely phrase – makes me feel terribly scarlet; I don't think I'm like that at all. Not that I'm not sexy; I *feel* quite sexy – I get very ratty if I go without. Philip, my husband, always said I used to wear sweaters one size too small; which was ridiculous; I've got a very narrow back – I have to buy small sizes or I get swamped. I suppose I was aware if there was someone I really fancied and I wanted them to know. But it wasn't really conscious.

Quest: I really meant in bed.

Demonstrator: Oh no, well, not before Philip. There was one – someone I was nearly engaged to once – he wanted me to wear my boots in bed.

Quest: Did you?

Demonstrator: No, I wouldn't.

Quest: Why not?

Demonstrator: Because I felt silly, and making love isn't silly. Not for me anyway. I think I strutted around the bedroom once so he could have a look.

Quest: Otherwise you were naked?

Demonstrator: Hmm, it got him going so much. Really it was a joke; he got incredibly turned-on. I thought I wasn't going to get there in time.

Quest: And then he asked you to leave your boots on?

Demonstrator: He started to stroke them, and I thought, 'This is a bit odd.' I mean, it wasn't *me* he was stroking. That just upset me. He wasn't thinking of me; it was just some idea he'd got – he even told me later it was a picture he'd seen in a magazine when he'd been about fourteen, and it had really turned him on. So I got stubborn. I can be awful like that. Very perverse. The more someone else insists, the more I resist. Philip calls it my rape complex. It doesn't do me any good because I go on even when I really want to do the opposite.

Quest: Did you then?

Demonstrator: That's unfair. Yes, I did a bit.

Quest: Why?

Demonstrator: Because it was bloody sexy! His name was Ian and he had a beautiful body – that's about all, mind. He was sprawled on the bed, stark naked with this great mare's dream waving in front of him.

Quest: Mare's dream?

Demonstrator: Philip says that. Like a stallion. That was the only reason I'd gone out with him – because a girlfriend had told me. I'd never done that before, not so obviously, and of course I ended up falling in love with him. Not for long, though.

Quest: What was he doing with this mare's dream?

Demonstrator: He kept stroking my boot – I must have been kneeling on the bed next to him – and saying, 'Look at me, baby, how can you let it all go splat without you. Just lie down. You know you want to. Look at it, it's coming.' I was practically running inside!

Quest: But you didn't give in?

Demonstrator: I turned round and sat down and very carefully took off my boots and then pounced on him.

Quest: And made love?

Demonstrator: Not very well; he was too excited. It was all over too quickly.

Quest: Why did you split up?

Demonstrator: It couldn't have lasted. In fact it was a sort of stand-up quickie that did it. I'd taken some food round to his place to cook one night and he practically raped me – from behind. Not in any unnatural place; but it was pretty startling at the time. I just took umbrage; we ended up wrestling on the kitchen floor.

Quest: Were you wearing your boots then?

Demonstrator: I was, as it happens, but I don't think that was really important. I told him we were just boring each other. I don't see any point in remembering it. It's ridiculous.

Quest: What?

Demonstrator: All the things Philip and I do. I've almost bawled down walls when people have tried it before. With him it doesn't make any difference what we do – I suppose I trust him. I'm sure I'd go out with him even if we weren't married.

Quest: What do you do with Philip?

Demonstrator: Oh lots of things. Mainly, I suppose, the clothes things.

Quest: Go on.

Demonstrator: It started as a joke; it still is a joke, really. The first time I went to bed with Philip I told him about Ian – or about the boots thing. We spent half the night talking – my fault again. I wouldn't let him, even though I was mad for it after petting so much. Not for any moral reason. I suppose I thought there could be more to it. My boyfriend just before Philip had been married and it was all very messy. I was still a bit squeamish. And Philip told me this incredible story about school. He went to a boarding school somewhere in the country, a single sex school; but there was a local girls' high school quite near, and it was a regular thing for the boys to go peeping tomming. One of the best places, apparently, was a games hut on the edge of some playing fields. The back of it, where the girls changed, overlooked some woods, so it was easy to creep up without being seen. And of course the girls twigged that they were being watched and deliberately played up to the boys.

Quest: In what ways?

Demonstrator: Oh taking longer to get dressed than they needed; taking more clothes off than they needed. Some of them got quite outrageous apparently, bending over without their knicks on and things like that.

Quest: How did the boys take this?

Demonstrator: Philip said they couldn't believe their luck. Some of them got quite carried away. One of them was practically a fourteen-year-old flasher; he made almost no attempt to hide that he was playing with himself. And this, apparently, sent some of the girls absolutely wild. Actually Philip made them sound like a mob of teeny-bopper sex maniacs, but I'm sure it was just curiosity for most of them. I wish I'd been able to see what an erection looked like before I ended up in bed with someone.

Quest: Go on.

Demonstrator: The way Philip described it there were one or two girls – not even very attractive ones – who more or less tried to outflash the boys, really quite openly. That's how the teachers came to find out and it was all stopped and hushed-up.

Quest: And Philip had taken part in this?

Demonstrator: He didn't say that, but he did say that the whole idea of school uniform had driven him berserk ever since. Especially with a fully grown woman inside; or even just clothes that would obviously be less outrageous on someone younger. Those short tennis skirts he loved – it was the only reason he was ever glued to Wimbledon when it was on television.

Quest: You didn't object to this?
Demonstrator: He made it sound so funny; he can be a very funny man. I knew he didn't take it seriously; it was me he was hankering after, after all, not little teeny-boppers.
Quest: But you did pander to him eventually?
Demonstrator: In a way, but it wasn't his idea. It was a complete fluke. You see, the woman I work for does quite a bit of charity work – jumble sales and things like that; she's always asking us if we've got anything we're throwing out that she could use. The day after she mentioned this at work I had a phone call from my sister, who lives right up north. She's a lot older than me, married, with two kids. One of them, Julie, is sixteen or seventeen now, and my sister was terribly pleased about her because she'd just got a place in a nursing college. I don't remember exactly how we got onto it – but she mentioned that she was throwing out all Julie's old school clothes; and Jack, her husband, was coming down our way on business and would probably be popping in. So I said, 'Well, send all Julie's old things down with Jack, I know someone who can use them.' That's how it happened. I forgot all about it in fact until Jack turned up and had dinner with us about a fortnight later. Just before he left he brought in three great suitcases from his car. Actually Philip's face was beautiful; he and Jack get on alright, but they're not the sort who would have bothered if they hadn't been brothers-in-law. I think he thought Jack had come for the year.
Quest: What sort of things were in the cases?
Demonstrator: Skirts, blouses, old blazers, scarves; I think my sister had taken some of my remarks a bit too literally; a lot of it would have to be thrown away at once. At least it was all clean and laundered. I didn't have a proper sort through until about a fortnight later; we were very busy at work and I had a week's holiday due, which Philip couldn't manage, so I decided to have a leisurely spring clean at home. That's when I first tried on a few of the things – just out of curiosity.
Quest: And they fitted?
Demonstrator: The latest clothes. I was quite surprised. I'm a bit of a dwarf, hardly five two, but I've a good thirty-six inch hips, and Julie's sports skirt and shirt were a bit tight, but not far-off. I hadn't seen Julie for nearly three years. I remember making a mental note to keep Philip on the leash if she ever turned up! That, I suppose, gave me the idea of turning him on with them.
Quest: How did you do that?
Demonstrator: He'd been away for two or three days, I think. Actually it was the first time we'd been separated since we were married – someone at his office fell ill and he had to go on a trip in their place. So I was expecting quite an interesting re-union anyway. So I planned it all.
Quest: In what way?
Demonstrator: The theory was to be very affectionate but distant to get him a bit worried; then, when he didn't know whether he was coming or going, I'd come in with Julie's things on – I imagined we'd be in the bedroom by then. Of course it didn't work out like that. I couldn't keep my hands off him as soon as he came in; we'd agreed we were going out to dinner, but even that idea didn't last very long.
Quest: You went straight to bed?
Demonstrator: More or less, via the sofa and a bit of the living room carpet!
Quest: To the point of making love?
Demonstrator: To the point, yes; until knickers and Y-fronts got in the way. I had his shirt unbuttoned and my hands down his trousers and my jeans were pulled right down, I remember that. Then we decided we were getting too silly and Philip hopped through into the bedroom. That was when I remembered Julie's things and pretended I had to go to the bathroom but instead I went into the second bedroom where I'd put the cases and put on a sports skirt, a sports shirt and one of Julie's newest blazers. I think I found some white socks as well.
Quest: Were you wearing any underclothes?
Demonstrator: I took my bra off, because the shirt was so tight; I left my knickers on. It all sounds so mad but I was really enjoying myself; I kept giggling.
Quest: Go on.
Demonstrator: Philip was calling out, 'Where are you? What's happening?' So I mumbled something and just tripped into the bedroom. Luckily he'd put the lights out and it was very dim because if I'd seen his face properly I'd have just collapsed, I think. And I said, 'Oh sir, I'm not disturbing you, am I? Can I have a word please?' He just said, 'What on earth —' But I wouldn't look at him. I said, 'Oh, sir, I'm having this awful trouble. Every time I go to get changed for tennis these boys come and stare at me through the window. Do you think I look odd?' And I turned round, pulling back my blazer, and the light from the living room must have fallen on my boobs very spectacularly because Philip went, 'Jesus —' which was lovely; I could just see his face shining in the dark. I said, 'I don't get undressed in a funny way, do I?' And I started to peel off my blazer and dropped it on the floor, so I turned right round and bent right over to pick it up, so my skirt went right up, it was so small. I said, 'I think I'm just ordinary, don't you?' Philip didn't say a thing; I'd never seen him stare so hard; it almost made me feel embarrassed. So I lifted one leg onto the end of the bed and started to peel down one of my socks and I said, 'And some of the boys seem to do things to themselves when they look at me – they seem to get all messy —' And that was when Philip leapt.
Quest: How?
Demonstrator: Oh right across the bed. He was absolutely naked and I suddenly saw how excited he was – it was an incredible expression; it quite shocked me. I'd never seen him quite like that before.
Quest: And he had an erection too?
Demonstrator: I couldn't miss it. He was absolutely gigantic. Actually I think that was the first time I really thought I wouldn't be able to take him.
Quest: But you made love anyway?
Demonstrator: I thought I was going to be ravished, utterly, but he stopped just in front of me on the end of the bed. I think he saw how surprised I was looking at him, and really I didn't want him to stop. So I said the first thing that came into my mind, I don't know why. It sounds incredibly crude, but it wasn't at all at the time.
Quest: What was it?
Demonstrator: I lifted up my skirt with one hand and pulled down the front of my knickers with the other, and I said, 'Oh, sir, I get this terrible itch when the boys do things like that.' And I was going to say, 'Can you scratch it for me —' but Philip made this strange sort of strangled noise and I couldn't finish and my hand just dropped into his lap and touched the end of his erection and I remember holding it, trying not to squeeze because I didn't want to hurt him but I did want him so much, and he gasped, and practically hissed, 'It's just me Philip. Just me messing about. Please let's do it –' And that was it.
Quest: He leapt again?
Demonstrator: We had trouble with my knickers; they got twisted somehow; I was sprawled on the bed and Philip was leaning over me trying to pull my legs out of them but only making it worse, and I was going mad. I remember crying out, 'Oh rip them, tear them off —' Something like that, and that's exactly what he did.
Quest: You still had your skirt and shirt on?
Demonstrator: I think the skirt came undone. I remember Philip yanking up my shirt and biting and kissing my breasts like a mad thing. I thought I was dying; it was gorgeous, and the next thing I knew he was in me and humping and humping away so fast I couldn't keep up with him till almost the end – it was incredibly wild, it makes me shiver thinking about it now; I think I was crying it was so beautiful, until I started to climax and I felt him burst and that brought me off straightaway. I must have fainted. I remember waking up in his arms.
Quest: You liked the thought of him ripping off your knickers?
Demonstrator: Yes I did. Old ones, of course, that didn't matter. My rape complex again. Yes, it was very exciting. Actually it usually happens when we play that game.
Quest: You dress quite often?
Demonstrator: Not often, but once in a while. It's nice to know there's something nice like that in reserve.
Quest: It doesn't worry you that Philip might be thinking of someone else, a real younger girl, when you do that – like it was with Ian?
Demonstrator: Oh no. No, I know Philip loves me. If he wanted to do that all the time it might be different, but it's not like that.
Quest: So Julie's old clothes never did get delivered?
Demonstrator: Some of the oldest ones didn't.
Quest: Thank you very much.